

Sports Illustrated

A photograph of Tom Seaver, a former MLB pitcher, smiling and posing. He is wearing a red Cincinnati Reds sweatshirt with "CINCINNATI" printed in white across the chest. He has his right hand on his head and is looking towards the camera.

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CONTENTS

JULY 27, 1981 Volume 55, No. 5

Cover photograph by Walter Ivers Jr.

The Wild Ones 14

It was over the fells and into the maelstrom at the World Wild Water bash as the French churned to victory by Clive Gammon

Little Brother's Golden Moment 18

Michael Spinks, test of five U.S. gold medalists at the 1976 Olympics to get a title shot, won the WBA light heavyweight crown by Jack McCallum

Nine Centuries Later, Bill the Conqueror 22

Bill Rogers led waste a host of Britons, a smattering of Americans and one German in winning the British Open by Dan Jenkins

His Eyes Have Seen the Glory 26

But that will remain an old story unless Miami Dolphin Catch Don Shula can transcend front-office jockey and player losses by John Underwood

Lance Larson, Swimming Phenom at 41 34

Can a middle-aged dentist from Southern California find happiness and ego gratification in his old sport? Yes, in Masters swimming by Sol Stern

Behind the Fence 50

Cincinnati's Tom Seaver, ever the picture-perfect pitcher, is congenial but maintains a wall against the world by Frank Deford

The Departments

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------------|-----------------------|----|
| Scorecard | 9 Tennis | 46 19th Hole | 68 |
| Baseball | 42 For the Record | 67 Credits on page 87 | |

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SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANIK

JUDGMENT DAY

Sometime soon the New York State Racing and Wagering Board will render a most important judgment when it decides what to do about the licenses of jockeys Angel Cordero Jr., Jorge Velazquez, Eddie Maple, Mike Venezia, Jamie Arcellano and Marco Casteneda and former trainers (now trainers) Braulio Biazra, He-Inodoro Gustines and Jean Cugnet.

All were accused of fixing races in New York State in the mid-'70s during the trial of ex-jockey Con Erice, who was convicted in federal court in 1980 on a racketeering charge. Last week the New York board concluded three weeks of highly publicized and long-extended hearings. Though the proceedings were hampered by the death in 1976 of a prospective key witness, the short memories or unlikely memory about ways to manipulate races of witnesses who testified, and the board's inability to call still others from outside the state, certain facts were made obvious. Nearly a score of New York races were fixed with more than a million dollars in ill-gotten "winnings" going to mob-connected gamblers. The tooth fairy didn't fix those races.

It was also obvious that if self-described "Master Fixer" Tony Cuglia had not charged in this magazine (Nov. 6, 1978) that through intermediaries, he paid jockeys, including some of the aforementioned, to rig races. New York's racing Establishment might well have swept the suspect races under the rug.

In fact, Cuglia, who's a participant in the Federal Protected Witness Program and whose testimony in race-fixing trials in four states over the past three years has led to 62 indictments, 23 convictions and 16 guilty pleas, says he thought so little of the New York proceedings that he refused to appear at them, unless he was paid \$100,000. "But these hearings are a whitewash," he told *The New York Times* last week. "If there's a case, the Government should be indicting people. If they don't have a case, then why is he heard going through this exercise unless

it wants to make a big show of being on the up and up, shaking their heads and then sweeping the whole thing away?"

Nonetheless, the racing Establishment now seems to have run out of rug. The board has the authority to revoke or suspend state racing licenses and the hearings produced possible grounds for such action. While it's uncertain what the board will ultimately do, one thing it can't do, and maintain even a smidgen of credibility is fail to act. Any suspensions, of course, can be contested in the courts by the jockeys and trainers. But would they be contested? The word along the backstretch is that the last thing the accused jockeys want is to have their activities scrutinized by the courts.

NAME THAT TUNE

The organizers of a recent track meet in Gateshead, England, in which the host country, Scotland, Italy and Ethiopia competed, had the best of intentions, but that hardly mattered to the Ethiopians. After a few bars of the Ethiopian national anthem were played, the 30 members of that nation's team stalked angrily off the track. Meet officials scratched their heads until they were told the reason. The anthem they had chosen was the one first played at the coronation of Emperor Haile Selassie in 1930. The Emperor was deposed by the Ethiopian military in 1974 and, not surprisingly, so was the anthem. The meet's public address announcer tried to soothe the Ethiopians' feelings by saying, "We have played the wrong national anthem and we have done the young Socialist Republic of Ethiopia a great discourtesy." After much rummaging around, another recording was found that sounded quite different, but it turned out to be an alternate version of the same anthem.

Now the announcer tried a different tack. "May we have a few moments of silence for the Socialist Republic of Ethiopia," he said. But that didn't bring the athletes back out either.

Finally meet organizer Andy Norman

entered the Ethiopians' dressing room and asked Manager Nigussie Roba, "Will you bring your team out on the track and get them to sing the anthem to us?"

The Ethiopians proudly filed onto the track and, led by Berhanu Girma, a 21-year-old accountant, sang a slightly stuttering rendition of *Lithopia Kudem*, the new socialist anthem.

MEATBALL HERO

He plays the game with great relish, though he never hot-dogs. He may appear clownish at times, but he says he doesn't let the fans get him down, not even when they yell, "Keep your eyes on your toes," as he comes up to bat. The kid deserves a break. His name? Ronald MacDonald, and he plays for the Tidewater Tides, the Mets' Triple A farm team in Norfolk, Va.

"People always ask me how my mother



er and father could've named me Ronald MacDonald," says the 24-year-old first baseman, who at week's end was batting .262 with seven homers for the Tides. "Well, I was born 10 years before the other Ronald MacDonald started hawking hamburgers." Just which Ronald he was came into question recently when he dropped a pop fly with two outs and the bases loaded in the bottom of the eighth inning against the Columbus Clippers, allowing two runners to score and tie the game at 7-7. After that the Tides had to play more or less ketchup ball. Few people booed. After all, these are minor league Met fans, and MacDonald may well be the best thing to happen to the organization since Marvelous Marv Throneberry.

"I'm happy to have a name people re-

continued

The author who celebrated "The Right People" and "The Right Places" now turns to the woman who knew them all.

Stephen Birmingham brings his distinctive style to the life of the Baltimore belle who captured a King and scandalized an Empire. Drawing on previously unpublished sources and extensive interviews with the Duchess of Windsor's friends and relatives, he tells the whole story and spices his narrative with delicious tidbits.

"Anglophiles unable to snare an invitation to the royal event this summer may find some solace in this book...a gossipy, bitchy, and entertaining biography." —*Saturday Review*

"Birmingham's book is the best we have yet had on the whole affair."
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Duchess

The Story of Wallis Warfield Windsor

Stephen Birmingham

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SCORECARD *continued*

ognize," says MacDonald. "I'd rather be Ronald MacDonald than John Smith." And why not? While the big-leaguers were out on strike, MacDonald might have reaped a minor McBundie. Tides General Manager Dave Rosenfield has approached one of the club's sponsors to see if it wouldn't like to have Ronald shall for its product. The sponsor was Burger King. The response? Said MacDonald, "They wouldn't bite."

IN SEARCH OF...

Our baseball calendar read "July 14—All-Star Game—Cleveland," so we sent Reporter Franz Lidz to see what he could find there. Here is his report:

Everybody talks about how the fans miss baseball, but the people who are really starving are newspaper editors with five sports pages to fill and TV directors with a six-minute sports news hole. Last Monday, the 13th, hundreds of fans gathered in downtown Cleveland to boo the cancellation of the All-Star Game. A rock band played *I Can't Get No (Satisfaction)*. But the next afternoon the media trooped to Municipal Stadium anyway, where they found a couple of local TV producers hunched over a table at home plate, tossing dice. They were playing Strat-O-Matic, which isn't a vegetable grater sold on late-night TV but a board game with charts and dice that simulates baseball action.

For the average baseball fan that would be about as exciting as dicing carrots, but for the underfed media, it's apparently as scrumptious as free veal piccata. Half a dozen reporters watched, even took notes. A dozen or so photographers and TV cameramen took pictures of rolling dice and cards turning. They reported the action as diligently as they cover each Pete Rose hit that inches him toward Ty Cobb's record. Strat-O-Matic claims to be suitable for everyone "ages 11 & up." "I guess that qualifies us," said one baseball writer, which may or may not have been true.

There were no roaring crowds, no ripping pennants, no Fernando Valenzuela. A teary-eyed Rocco Scotti belted out *The Star-Spangled Banner*. He wasn't crying over the baseball strike; he just gets weepy whenever he sings the national anthem. Everything was scaled down, if not out. Instead of an organist, Scotti was accompanied by an accordionist. This was the first All-Star Game that sounded like an Italian wedding.

continued

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The great Bob Feller was set to toss out the ceremonial first dice when a TV news photographer pleaded, "Wait a minute, Bob. My battery just went dead."
"Mine has been dead for years," Feller replied.

The two producers rolled on as if they were at a craps table in Vegas. The centerfield scoreboard flashed statistics and an announcer brayed an echoing play-by-play to 77,000 empty seats. When a mock player got a mock hit, a kind of mock bubble-gum card was moved to a mock first base on a mock diamond on a real folding card table. It was a mockery. The most heated action of the day came in the seventh inning, when a gust of wind blew Mike Easler's card out of the ersatz stadium and into the real world, where the baseball strike was still on.

The National League won 15-2, a score that prompted one reporter to say, "They ought to take this game back to the drawing board."

Up in the stands, stadium worker James Anderson watched while the media stood around home plate trying to pick an MVP for the fantasy game. Anderson brushed cobwebs from a seat unused for the last 40 days. "You know," he said, shaking his head, "it still don't beat the real thing."

HEERER'S JOHN YI

John Y. Brown may be better known outside his home state for peddling Kentucky Fried Chicken, folding the ABA Kentucky Colonels, trading the NBA Buffalo Braves to San Diego, severely crippling the Boston Celtics before selling them, and marrying the beautiful Phyllis George, than he is for being governor of Kentucky.

And now the fast-food entrepreneur turned sports-owner turned politician has taken it upon himself to turn around the University of Kentucky football team, which has suffered three straight losing seasons, 12 in the last 15, and 16 in the last 30. Not that losing has been the only thing. Rumors of poon-sucking, an NCAA probation, and several instances of players being charged with felonies, have turned the Wildcats into something of a cruel state joke. ("Heard that Kentucky went 3-8 last year? Three convictions and eight acquittals.")

Brown decided the problem was Fran Curci, who has coached the Wildcats since 1973, so he quietly set in motion a scheme to replace him—with George Al-

len, the up-tempo former Los Angeles Ram and Washington Redskins coach, who now happens to work on CBS' pro football telecasts, as does Phyllis George Brown. It just so happened that Brown's plan didn't sit well with the university's president, Otis Singletary.

In an interview last week with Billy Reed of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Brown said that his intrusion into university business was part of his job as governor—ensuring that the state has a positive image in all areas, including football. "A losing team for 30 years isn't good for the state," Brown said. He insisted that his displeasure with Curci has nothing to do with Curci's refusal to support Brown during Brown's 1979 gubernatorial campaign. "I like Fran," said Brown. "I just don't like his program."

And, not coincidentally, Phyllis likes George (Allen) and his program. A Washington Post reporter remembered that when Phyllis (George) profiled George (Allen) for CBS while he was with the Redskins, "He rolled out the red carpet for her, let her run laps with the team and she gushed all over him."

"Curci isn't the issue," said Singletary. "The issue is university control over university affairs."

By early last week it was rumored that the money to buy up the rest of Curci's five-year contract was already in a Lexington bank account. But the whole business ended when Allen suddenly unannounced that he was no longer interested in the job.

"Well, the establishment won out," said Brown. "Now we can look forward to [preserving] the great tradition of 30 years of losing."

Singletary and Curci weren't talking, but Brown kept on. "If I wanted to do it, it could have been done," he said.

FREE, WHITE AND 30

Since the NBA's Right of First Refusal system took effect this June, six free agents—from All-Stars to also-runs—have signed contracts that average more than \$600,000 a season. So what are the chances that a highly marketable (read white), five-time all-star guard will land one, too? Pretty good, right?

Wrong, says lawyer Howard Slusher, who claims that one of his clients, free agent Paul Westphal, is being snubbed by even the league's biggest spenders. Last season, while with Seattle, Westphal suffered a stress fracture in his right foot

and appeared in only 36 games, but after surgery he was given a clean bill of health. That's not the meat of the problem, according to Slusher.

"We sent letters out to seven teams about a month ago, and there hasn't been one inquiry about Paul's condition," he says. Slusher claims that there's little interest in Westphal because—"are you sitting?—Westphal is white and approaching his 31st birthday. 'What's happening is the stereotyping of white ballplayers,'" says Slusher. "Owners hear stress fracture and they immediately think of Doug Collins or Bill Walton. They're both white, so owners get scared."

Westphal says he "isn't ready to cry race by a long shot." Instead, he feels that the Right of First Refusal system—whereby a free agent's previous team can retain the player's services by matching the best offer from among the NBA's other clubs—is keeping interest low. Seattle owner Sam Schulman has reportedly said he will match any offer, which has had a tendency to make other teams reluctant to waste time courting Westphal.

While racial discrimination seems highly unlikely in light of the oft-heard complaint that there are too few white stars in the NBA, it's curious that teams that have expressed a desire for white players—New York and Boston are two that could use a backcourtman of Westphal's offensive prowess—haven't even taken a nibble at Westphal yet.

Come on, guys, they don't all heal alike.

THEY SAID IT

● Paul Harvey, ABC news commentator, after Jack Nicklaus shot an 83 in the first round of last week's British Open: "All my life I wanted to play golf like Jack Nicklaus, and now I do."

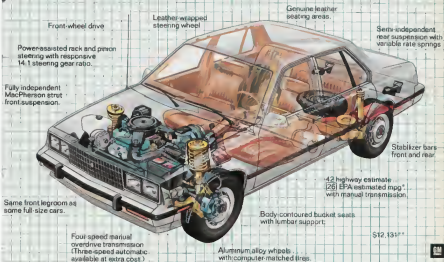
● Jonathan Kover, managing partner of the Chicago Bulls, predicting that inflated contracts, like Magic Johnson's \$25-million-for-25-years deal, will kill all but three NBA teams by 1987: "I'll own one and Magic will own the other two."

● Dan Pastorini, quarterback, who was traded last year by the Houston Oilers to the Oakland Raiders, reflecting on the fact that the man who traded him, Coach Bum Phillips, was subsequently fired by the Oilers: "I'm living proof that Bum always tries to keep his word. He said I'd be his quarterback as long as he coached the Oilers, and he only missed it by one year."

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Sports Illustrated

JULY 27, 1981

THE WILD ONES

It was over the falls and into the maelstrom for America's Dan Johnson at the World Wild Water bash, but the French churned on to victory

by CLIVE GAMMON





CONTINUED

The Welsh aren't known for prodigal display, but last week they poured a veritable Niagara of water into the peaceful little Tryweryn River at Bala, the better to entertain—and vex—the world's leading practitioners of the art of messing about in small boats on unruly streams. The occasion was the biennial Wild Water World Championships for canoes and kayaks, and when the Welsh Water Authority opened the taps—40 the tune of 250 million imperial gallons—a measure of graveyard humor seemed in order. David Jones, an Atlanta dentist and U.S. team member, examined one of the brass luggage tags that had been given out by one of the event's sponsors and said, "This is for tying on my big toe before they dump me in the body bag, huh?"

By now the Tryweryn was an angry, high-kicking flood that crashed over falls and swirled between boulders. At intervals the coffee-colored water, with frothy cream highlights, plunged into dark tunnels beneath overhanging trees. "Listen," said Cathy Hearn, of Washington, D.C.,

who won a gold medal at the last world championships, "get some of those spare men over here. Make them go berserk on that bridge when I come through. Give 'em beer or something. Get 'em shouting. I feel so terrible in that dark patch after the falls."

"The water is freezing and it's rotten and miserable," said a British competitor. "This is a very boat-damaging river, with sharp rocks and a lot of them."

At the precipitous falls on the course it was possible to observe such mishaps as pioning (running the bow of a boat into a cleft in a rock) and bageling (a roll with a hole). All weekend at the falls boats flipped and banged into boulders. As one Japanese kayak crashed and submerged, for a moment one saw just a pair of desperate eyes and a helmet above water. But the paddler survived without major damage, as indeed did all the rest.

The real destruction was dealt out by the French team. Consisting mostly of guides who operate on the swiftest streams at home, the French not only

were the most adept but also were equipped with the best boats. But Hearn was honest enough to admit that people, not boats, win races. "They would be great in any range of boats that were even basically competitive," she said.

Never mind that wild water racing's most competitive event, men's K-1, or single-handed kayak, is widely known by its German name, *die Königsdisziplin*, king class. On Friday in Wales it turned into a Gallic gillip, the French contingent taking first and third. Claude Benezit won, supplanting four-time champion Jean Pierre Burny of Belgium. Next came the C-2 championship, for men's canoe pairs, and the French were even more devastating, sweeping first, second and third.

But the Yanks, once the laughingstock of the cockleshell crowd, briefly interrupted the French onslaught in Friday's third event, mixed canoe pairs. Mike Hipsher and Bunny Johns of Bryson City, N.C. winning the gold medal. "You realize we were a whole minute ahead of the French," Hipsher crowed.

U.S. team members Paul Grabow and Jeffrey Husay play topsy-canoe in a trial run on the turbulent Tryweryn in preparation for this week's slalom races.



By the end of the run the pair was on the verge of collapse. Neither had eaten that morning, and now Johns couldn't decide which she should do first, find food or call home. "I was tired before we'd gotten halfway down," she said, "but I kept telling myself, 'The hardest part's over; go on, go on.' Then we hit the highway bridge, which I think is about halfway, and I kept thinking, 'Guts, guts, guts.'"

"I said a little prayer before we hit the falls, that we'd have enough left," said Hipsher. "Then, on an eddy, we passed somebody. The Swiss pair. Unbelievably, they took the outside route and we came inside them."

"It was the Germans," said Johns. "Number 125. Now I think I'm going to collapse."

After the gallant American effort, the march of the French resumed. Dominique Gardette was the vedette of the women's K-1, but by only 2.05 seconds over Gisela Grothaus of West Germany. Next, in Friday's final event, men's C-1, or single canoes, came a prodigious creature whose name could well resound in a caveman comic strip. As French fans awaited his appearance, they began chanting "Zok! Zok! Zok!" in honor of their compatriot Gilles Zok. Well, Zok zapped the field, with fellow Frenchman Luc Verger finishing second. John Butler of Madison, Wis., who had been disqualified for allegedly practicing after the official closing time and then had been reinstated, came in third.

Saturday brought team races, and in the K-1 the Americans narrowly missed the bronze. They were fourth again in the C-2 men's event, won, *naturellement*, by the French. Jones, he of the body hugs, looked ready for one when he finished, "I feel very bad," he said. "Total fatigue. An absolute drain of my body. My stomach is twisted."

The French inexplicably were up the creek without a medal in the women's K-1, but their men's team made amends by winning the final wild-water event, the C-1. Near the end of the race an agitated voice was heard on the P.A. system, announcing that the French had caught up with the Canadians and Yugoslavs, who, in a staggered start, had commenced racing four and two minutes



French fans chanted "Zok! Zok!" as their countryman peddled home first in the single-handed canoe event

ahead of them, respectively. "What a jam there'll be at the finish," the announcer cried. Then: "No, the French are clear of both."

"For God's sake," an English voice groaned, "drop a rock on them from the bridge!"

Chances are it would take more than a few rocks to keep the French from rolling on in this week's slalom segment of the championships. "Wild water is the real thing," said Hearn disdainfully. "Slalom is more of a game." She and other paddlers believe wild-water slalom is becoming too much like its skating counterpart. "It used to be important to be clean, not to hit any poles," said

Hearn. "There used to be major time penalties, but not now."

At week's end, the Americans had won one gold, one silver and two bronze medals, but they clearly have a way to go. "We have a lot to learn," said Ben Sandiford, a U.S. coach. "It's just a matter of racing more in Europe, learning to push ourselves harder," said U.S. competitor Terry White. "Do you think," said Ginny Stillman, who'd been kept out of competition by a shoulder separation, "that someone could introduce me to Dominique Gardette?"

Not a bad idea, Ginny. If the guys get going, too, maybe someday they'll sock it to the Zok.

END



Two Norwegians experienced what an extra 250 million imperial gallons of water can do to a stream



A GOLDEN MOMENT FOR LEON'S LITTLE BROTHER

The 'other' Spinks, Michael, fulfilled the promise of his Montreal gold by winning the WBA light heavyweight crown **by JACK McCALLUM**



Last Saturday afternoon, at the Imperial Palace in Las Vegas, Michael Spinks became the fifth of the five gold medal winners from the memorable 1976 U.S. Olympic boxing team to get a title shot, and the fourth to turn that golden opportunity into a championship. Lift another glass to Michael Spinks, the Montreal champ who hasn't made 7-Up commercials or done backflips in the center of the ring. Michael Spinks, the one who hasn't done his roadwork in discos, the one in good odor with the National Safety Council. You know, Michael Spinks, the only '76 Olympian who has never lost a professional fight.

Spinks won the WBA light heavy-weight championship by defeating Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, who had to shed 26½ pounds after making an ill-fated foray into the heavyweight division two months ago, losing a 10-round decision to Renaldo Snipes. It will always be a matter of conjecture whether Spinks would have handled a fine-tuned Mustafa Muhammad as easily as this power-

fully enervated version. Only 16½ hours before fight time, Mustafa Muhammad had to sweat off nearly two pounds to make the 175-pound limit. Nevertheless, with this, his 17th straight victory, Michael Spinks stepped out of the long shadows cast by his Olympic teammates Sugar Ray Leonard and brother Leon. And now Spinks can look forward to a unification fight with WBC champ Matthew Saad Muhammad.

Well, maybe. If boxing were not the administrative disaster it is, Spinks vs. Saad Muhammad would be as obvious as Mustafa Muhammad's swollen right eye, which began to close in the eighth round, the turning point of their bout. Saad Muhammad. Spinks and Mustafa Muhammad were the only big names in the light heavyweight division before Saturday, and now there are two. (Though he says he can come back, his mediocre showing against Spinks on the heels of his slow-motion loss to Snipes puts the future of the 29-year-old Mustafa Muhammad in jeopardy.) Saad Muhammad is a good draw because of his tendency to impersonate a punching bag before rallying dramatically. And Spinks is a good draw because his name is Spinks,

even if he is so colorless as to observe the speed limit.

But who knows? Saad Muhammad, who had helped his good buddy Mustafa Muhammad shed the weight before the fight, appeared at Spinks' postfight press conference to announce that he felt Mustafa Muhammad had won the fight. He didn't say he would give Spinks a fight. Saad Muhammad might be an underdog against Spinks, just as Mustafa Muhammad was. "I think if Saad's people sit down and see the way he's been looking in his past fights, barely coming through by the skin of his teeth, the payday with Michael alone would warrant their signing," said Butch Lewis, who has a promotional contract with Spinks. "The way things have been going with Saad lately, he could lose everything for a very small amount of money." Still, there's no obligation for Saad Muhammad to sign. "I know that," said Lewis, "but I also know there's a great demand for this fight. They finally got Hearn and Leonard to the table, didn't they?"

As decisively as Spinks beat Mustafa Muhammad, knocking him down in the 12th round and winning by eight points on one judge's card and six

When Michael landed "The Spinks Jinx," an over hand right, in the 12th, Mustafa Muhammad went crashing down to the canvas for a count of five



on another's, the nationally televised fight highlighted some of the built-in weaknesses of the light heavyweight division. Spinks has power, but not the power of a heavyweight, and speed, but not the speed of a middleweight. The fight wasn't exciting, with Mustafa Muhammad playing hide-the-face to protect his right eye, and Spinks often missing awkwardly with his favorite punch, an overhand right, which he calls "The Spinks Jinx." The purse wasn't exciting, either—an estimated \$350,000 for Mustafa Muhammad and \$125,000 for Spinks. Mustafa Muhammad has long railed against the poor pay for light-heavyweights; it was for that reason he moved up to heavyweight, with a long-range goal of fighting Larry Holmes or Gerry Cooney. That dream now appears to be dead.

Some chroniclers of the family Spinks are undoubtedly waiting for Michael to start acting up like his brother. But they seem likely to be disappointed. Michael has been unpredictable in some ways in the 4½ years of his quiet pro career, but he fights his battles alone. "Whatever has happened to me," he said two days before the fight, "I can say I've done it my way." Sinatra, himself, couldn't have said it better.

Michael, who turns 25 this week, and Leon, now 28, were raised in the Pruitt-Igoe Housing Project of St. Louis, fighting the same survival war. "I was a weird little guy," says Michael. "At six o'clock in the morning everybody would be sleeping and I'd go outside and play, listen to the birds sing and lie in the grass, looking up at the sky. I never wanted to be like the in crowd. See, around us, everybody was a boxer and there were tough guys everywhere. I was getting jumped on all the time." In self-defense, Michael followed Leon into amateur boxing, and he took his lumps. "I wasn't a success right away like Leon," he says. "I just didn't have the strength of a lot of guys. And, at first, I probably didn't have the heart, either."

Michael even "retired" briefly, but returned a short time later when Leon ragged him about it. At 15 he started getting stronger and he trained seriously, winning national Golden Gloves titles in 1974 and 1976 while pointing to the '76 Olympics. It was never easy. For a time Michael had a 3 p.m.-to-midnight job 20 miles outside St. Louis and had to do his roadwork in the middle of the night after

work—but he and Leon emerged from the Olympic Trials with spots on the team.

At the Olympic camp, Michael lost a decision to Keith Broom that forced a box-off. He won that on a first-round knockout and hasn't lost since. In Montreal, Michael twice advanced through default and never had the crowd-pleasing victories of Leonard or Leon. But he was still an Olympic champion, and afterward it was all there for him to grab.

Why has it taken him so long? You have to start with Michael himself. Though he's a superb natural athlete who trains seriously, he has always been somewhat the reluctant warrior. He admits he doesn't like boxing—the training, the sacrifice, the need to administer punishment. Perhaps it will always be that way for the boy who listened to the birds in the St. Louis ghetto. His career has also been hampered by a lack of guidance. Nick Miranda of St. Louis has been his only manager, and he lasted for just two months back in '78. And Michael had promotional problems early in his career after signing with Bob Arum's Top Rank Inc. For example, he made \$20,000 in 1977 in his third pro fight, against Joe Bordon, and two months later only \$4,000 in his fourth, against Jasper Brisbane. That's not what you call progress.

Then there is his intense relationship with his brother. Though Michael is three years younger, he says he's always had a proprietary feeling about Leon. Michael originally signed with Top Rank not because he wanted to, he says, but because he wanted to be with Leon and help him, and Leon had signed with Arum. Michael has frequently subjugated his career to Leon's, abandoning his own training while Leon was preparing for a fight. "Leon is very weak in some points," Michael once said. "He has a tendency to trust people he shouldn't. All those smiling faces and shaking hands, and he just trusts. He should check people out."

In his zeal to help Leon with his check-



The bout was so dull, not even the fighters could watch



ing, some observers say, Michael over-stayed his welcome in Leon's camp, particularly when Leon was in training for championship fights. "Michael always seemed to want to dominate Leon," says Sam Solomon, who was Leon's trainer when he beat Ali in 1978 and now trains Saad Muhammad. "Michael always thought he had the answers to Leon's problems. But what this led to was constant bickering between the brothers.

Sure, Leon wanted him there. He's his brother and they're close. But he wanted Michael to stay out of his business."

Solomon was also Michael's trainer while Michael was under contract to Top Rank for his first seven pro bouts. "He just didn't take to advice," says Solomon. "Michael should've been in the forefront long before this. But by interfering in Leon's business, worrying about Leon's affairs, he hurt his own career."

Possibly so. On the night Leon beat Ali for the heavyweight title, Feb. 15, 1978, Michael won a 10-round decision over Tom Betha. But Michael didn't fight again until December, three months after Leon lost the title to Ali in the rematch. As Leon's career headed for the skids in 1979, Michael stopped training and he had only one fight that entire year. To be sure, he was bothered by a knee injury. Michael wasn't with Leon when his brother was training for his fight against Holmes in June. But when Leon was knocked down in the third round, there was Michael, trying to get into the ring to comfort Leon while being restrained by his trainer, Nelson Brison, Lewis' half brother.

For his part, Michael says too little guidance hasn't hurt him. He says too much advice, not too little, has hampered most boxers, including Leon, who has had four different managers for only 15 pro fights.

Whatever has occurred in the past between the brothers, there could be no doubt of the sincerity of their embrace and the tears that flowed after Michael's victory last week. "Me and my brother have never had any troubles," said Leon. "Sam Solomon is always saying something. That's why he's not with either one of us right now. I want my brother around. I know one thing—I won't have to watch my back like I do when some other people are around."

Still, Michael's future is uncharted, particularly if he can't get Saad Muhammad in the ring. Though he has a lawyer and an accountant, he is his own manager of record. "I make my own decisions because I'm the one who has to live with them," he says. Nevertheless, he had three cornermen Saturday. Brison, Percy Richardson, the chief boxing inspector for New Jersey, and Eddie Futch, Larry Holmes' trainer. All three gave instructions, but their collective wisdom didn't immediately work. Michael

started slowly against Mustafa Muhammad and he often looked confused and off-balance in the first three rounds. He started to connect with his jab in the fourth, and by the end of the eighth his opponent's eye was swollen almost shut. Mustafa Muhammad, who was treated at Desert Springs Hospital after the fight, said Spinks thumbed and elbowed him in the eye. Referee Richard Greene allowed that the fight was "pretty rough," but said Spinks did nothing illegal. Spinks didn't know what punch or punches got through to Mustafa Muhammad's eye, only that he looked up and saw the swelling. "After that I was aiming for the eye," he said, "but I don't know how often I got it. By the end of the fight I was just aiming for anything above the neck."

Despite the cut, Mustafa Muhammad bottled back gamely until the 12th, when a left hook followed by an overhand right put him down for a nine count. "My right eye was closed and I couldn't see, so I had to hold my head up," said Mustafa Muhammad of the knockdown. "With my head up like that he just came right over and got me. He hit me hard, but I just got up and looked at him." However, it continued to be Spinks' fight, even though he had never gone more than 10 rounds before.

Preparing for the title defense had been aggravating for Mustafa Muhammad. To lose the weight he had to give up his two favorite foods, bean pie and ice cream. But he didn't lose enough. At 12:30 a.m. on Saturday, the time the boxers themselves had chosen for the official weigh-in, Mustafa Muhammad stripped, stepped on the scale and watched it register 176½ pounds. It was off to the nearby Las Vegas Sporting House to jump rope for 30 minutes as his followers cheered him on to new heights of perspiration. He returned to the scales at 2:20 a.m. and weighed in at exactly 175.

Still another aggravation for Mustafa Muhammad was what he considers the pampering Spinks has gotten for being an Olympic gold medalist. He feels he was cheated out of a spot on the 1972 team (Jesse Valdez

decided him) and says being a non-Olympian has cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars in purses.

Unlike Leon, Michael has considerable aplomb. When Saad Muhammad boorishly interrupted his postfight news conference, Michael said "I don't mean to cut you off, but I was talking. Will someone please remove this man from the premises."

Before the fight, he had said, "I've always been aware that people believe boxers must be the dumbest people alive to get inside that ring and start hitting each other, and I wanted to show them I was different. That's why, believe it or not, Leon and I never talk about boxing when we get together. I didn't want to be always talking boxing, or walking around like this [he bobs and weaves] so people could say, 'Yeah, there goes one of those punch-drunk boxers.' That's why I was so glad for 1976 and Montreal. People got a chance to see there were fighters who could use their heads, who knew something besides fighting." And a lot about winning.

END

WBC champ Saad Muhammad taunted Spinks afterward



NINE CENTURIES LATER, BILL THE CONQUEROR

Not far from Hastings, Bill Rogers laid waste a host of Britons, a smattering of his countrymen and a German to win the Open at Sandwich **by DAN JENKINS**

Finally, then, it was Bill Rogers over the white cliffs of Dover, up there where his nerve ends send him occasionally when he's on a golf course, which is why he has a variety of nicknames: Buck Rogers, for example; Slam Dunk; Nerve Ends; Panther. But none of these conveys the way Rogers put the British Open to sleep last weekend on the moonscape known as Sandwich down in the elegant county of Kent. In the end, all Rogers did to collect his first major championship, by four strokes, was be steadier than a relatively obscure West German by the name of Bernhard Langer.

The relentlessly methodical manner in which Rogers hit the fairways and greens of Royal St. George's during the final three rounds—especially the last two, on Saturday and Sunday when for a time it had looked as if it might become an exciting tournament, involving the celebrated likes of Ben Crenshaw and Tom Watson—was a better soporific than counting Kentish sheep. But that is what can happen when one golfer strikes his shots so much more accurately than anyone else. And Bill Rogers is, above all, a straight hitter.

Rogers, in fact, pretty much saved this British Open from being a mild disaster for America's professionals. Watson, the defending champion and three-time winner, drove from the tees like a deranged person and slowly took himself out of things. Jack Nicklaus wound up tied with Watson and Arnold Palmer in 23rd place, his worst finish in 19 years, after beginning the tournament with a horrendous 83—his worst single round ever in one of golf's Big Four events. It may well be that the Open at Sandwich will be re-

membered as much for Nicklaus' 83 as for Rogers' victory.

For two days Crenshaw looked like a serious contender. He was only one shot back of Rogers, a good friend, after 36 holes, but he soared to a 76 on Saturday and finished tied for eighth. And then there was Lee Trevino, a two-time champion. He opened with a sorrowful 77 and never did recover.

British Open weather, which often has drastic effects, was a factor only on opening day, Thursday, when wind and rain lashed the course. At the end of the round the lead was shared, at par 70, by Nick Job, a Brit with a nice wit, and Argentina's Vicente Fernandez, who would ultimately miss the final cut. But the really big news of the round came from the other end of the scoring spectrum. People couldn't at first believe that Nicklaus had actually committed an 83.

At midnight on Wednesday, Nicklaus had casually called Columbus, Ohio for a routine report from home and learned that his second-oldest son, Steve, who hopes to catch footballs for Florida State this fall, had been in a car wreck, totaling a Buick station wagon on, of all roads, Jack Nicklaus Boulevard, but had walked away with only a scratched knee. Steve at first was charged with "operating a motor vehicle while intoxicated." Steve told his father he'd had only two beers and simply fell asleep at the wheel at 2:30 a.m. after taking a young lady home. (Police later admitted that the drunk-driving charge had been an error.)

"I believe him," said Nicklaus, who then went out and shot his 83. Henry Cotton had shot a historic 65 in the 1934 British Open at Royal St. George's, a round

that inspired the manufacturing of the Dunlop 65 golf ball, so many jokes followed. Nicklaus was told he would be responsible for a Dunlop 83 ball. When he was showered with applause on the 1st tee before the start of his second round, he said, "They were clapping because I dared to show up."

It was also said Steve had sent his father a wire after learning of Jack's 83. "Come home, Dad, all is forgiven."

Rogers took the lead with a 66 on Friday, a round that honestly didn't seem all that spectacular, because 22 players



broke par, including Nicklaus. His response to the 83 was a 66 of his own. Crenshaw had a 67 and looked very much in the mood to win a major at last. Someone named Gordon Brand from Baidon even shot a course-record 65 by making one of the three holes in one that were to be accomplished at Sandwich's 16th hole. First-day co-leader Job shot a 69 — *continued*

Not one of the Tour's great putters, Rogers was on target on the course overlooking the Channel





Nicklaus was smiling at the start, and Langer had good reason to be happy with the trash



and found himself tied with Crenshaw in second place, at 139 to Rogers' 138.

At this point, Job cautioned everyone not to worry about the possibility of his winning. "I'm 900 to 1," he said, adding that if he did win, somehow, he would be bigger than "The Wedding." He spoke of trying to calm himself with pills and pot, but nothing worked. He said he had read one of those positive-thinking books, and then found out the author had committed suicide. "Somewhere along the way," he said, "I rather expect the earth will open up and swallow me."

At that, Job wound up tied for 14th—ahead of Nicklaus and Watson. Chemists cheered him on.

What Rogers basically did on Friday—and also on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday—was always hit the ball in the fairway off the tee, and then mystically choose the right club for the shot to the green in the curious winds that affect play on the old links lands. Although he was competing in the British Open for only the second time (he was 19th last year), Rogers proved to be a master of all the blind shots called for over the bumpy and treeless premises of Sandwich.

Having survived the one bad-weather day with a two-over 72, Rogers became nearly impervious when the weather abated for the rest of the proceedings. He had his iron shots tracking the flags like laser beams. He is considered only an adequate putter on the U.S. pro tour, but at Sandwich he slam-dunked the ones he needed. His 67 for Saturday's third round left him five strokes up on the field.

He landed in maybe two bunkers the whole way, and only in the nerve-ridden final round on Sunday when he went out to protect that fat lead did he scare up a double bogey to give some hope to those chasing him, mainly Langer, who turned pro at 15 and unabashedly admits he's the greatest German golfer in history. A poor one-iron second shot was responsible on the par-5 7th. Quickly, however, Rogers gathered himself together and nailed gorgeous iron shots into the 9th, 10th and 12th holes that resulted in birdies. In so doing, he shut the door on the wiry young West German, whose Harpo Marx hawd made him look more like the lead guitarist in a punk rock group than one of Europe's better golfers. Raymond Floyd, who finished in a tie for third but seven shots behind Rogers, loomed momentarily as a threat, but only if Rogers were to fall completely apart.

Which he didn't—and wasn't that fortunate for our side.

One thing about this Open that stirred comment even before it began was that it seemed to be blighted by American absences. Thirty-two U.S. pros had been declared exempt from qualifying, but 10 of them didn't even bother to enter the tournament, and seven more who did enter didn't bother to show up. Several of these chaps had good reasons for not being at Sandwich. Andy Bean, for instance, was suffering from an injured hand, Larry Nelson said he had a bad back and Gil Morgan was in an automobile accident only days before the start. As to the rest, judgment must be suspended. No matter their apprehensions regarding the difficulties of the course and problems with accommodations, and the fact that a flying visit to Britain has become an enormously expensive proposition, an accomplished golfer at the peak of his career ought to have an ironclad excuse for passing up a major championship. The magnitude of the American dropout was disappointing. Besides Bean, Nelson and Morgan, the no-shows included Hale Irwin, Tom Weiskopf, Tom Kite, Curtis Strange, Bob Gilder, John Mahaffey, Lou Graham, Andy North, Howard Twitty, Mike Reid, Bill Kratzer, Doug Tewell, George Burns III and Don Pooley.

Bill Rogers had a word for this group. "I'd been worried about coming over because so many guys told me what a lousy course this was going to be," he said. "and how expensive it was. I don't know how they could feel that way. This is one of the greatest courses I've ever played. There's too much to gain from playing well in the British Open. You can't let the expense part of it spoil the opportunity of coming over here."

This brave sentiment was uttered before the native of Waco, Texas had hitched up his trousers following his double bogey at the 7th in the final round. As things turned out, the closest Rogers came to losing the championship was on the first day. He was idling on the putting green with only a moment to go before he was supposed to tee off. He thought his tee time was 9:45. It was, in fact, 9:25, and the time of day was 9:24. A British journalist saved Rogers by reminding him of that fact. "Oh golly," he said as he sped to the tee, arriving just in time. Had he been one minute later, he would have been disqualified. Which would really have been expensive. 120



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HIS EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

But that will remain an old story unless Miami Coach Don Shula transcends front-office foibles and player losses

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



One of the last times his chummy dockworker's face appeared prominently on these pages, Don Shula was being held aloft on padded shoulders as a kind of symbolic affirmation of the heights he had reached as a football coach. It was Jan. 14, 1973 and his Miami Dolphins had just won the Super Bowl, completing an unprecedented 17-0 season. The next year the Dolphins won again, and at the end of the 1970s, enough thinking people in pro football were so convinced of Shula's preeminence that he was voted NFL Coach of the Decade—despite the fact that Chuck Noll of Pittsburgh had won four Super Bowls since a Shula team won its last playoff game.

On the afternoon of Miami's playoff with the Steelers two years ago, a Pittsburgh writer called it a matchup of "football's best team against football's best coach." The implication was clear enough because the "team" certainly wasn't Miami. The Dolphins were routed that day 34-14. Miami has now gone seven straight seasons without a win in the playoffs, yet even today, when two or more football people get together,

chances are the consensus will be that Shula is the NFL's top coach.

How does Shula maintain this lofty status when by all logic Noll has flat out-stripped him? Part of the answer lies in the fact that, at 51, Shula still ranks as the most consistent winner in NFL history (.708 on a record of 193-78-5). Part of it is that no one else ever had a 17-0 season. And yet another part, says Nick Buoniconti, the Miami lawyer/ex-Dolphin, is that Shula has been "such a positive influence on the game" and that "under the worst conditions, Shula will still be competitive."

Sure enough, there is Shula now, in his trophy-laden Dolphin office at Biscayne College, talking on the eve of training camp about how he is actually looking forward to this brave new season—looking forward to it when conditions could be worse, but not a whole lot. Shula is, to use his word, excited over the chances of a team that was 8-8 in 1980 (only his second non-winning season in 11 at Miami) and a pitiful 26th out of the 28 NFL teams in total offense. He is talking about building a new offense

around a talented young quarterback (David Woodley) who wasn't even a regular in college (at LSU) and who just last year was drafted, in the eighth round, more as an afterthought than a prospect but who, nonetheless, and quite significantly, is the only drafted Dolphin to make a streak across NFL skies in years. Shula is planning to rebuild around Woodley and a supporting cast of nobodies. The great Bob Griese has retired. Only two Dolphin regulars (Guard Bob Kuechenberg and Defensive End Vern Den Herder) are still around from the Super years. And there's no Larry Csonka to kick around other people anymore, to inspire fans with ampicable three-yard runs, to bleed on the shoes of his teammates in the huddle. It is a team that one recent Dolphin says "lacks in so many areas it will be the miracle of the century if he breaks even again."

For this Shula says he can hardly wait for the season to begin? Yes, and what's more he's talking about being "on the come" with this team, about it being 1970 all over again, a reference to the year Shula took over a 3-10-1 team and transformed it into a 10-4 powerhouse.

That sounds like Shula, all right, says Tim Foley, a defensive back in the glory days who retired last year after one too many knee operations. Foley says he retired convinced that "Shula can win in spite of everything." For good reason. Shula has won in spite of everything (eight AFC East championships in the last 11 years, for good example). He has won despite "pitiful, horrible drafts" (Buoniconti's evaluation) since Personnel Director Joe Thomas left in 1972, and trades that backfired more often than they helped. He has won despite the erratic, oftentimes bizarre rule of owner Joe Robbie—and, ironically, because of him, too. And he has won despite front-office turmoil that would rival the court of Louis XVI in quirk and intrigue, in divisive subplots and counterplots that would have done in or driven out a lesser man.

Consider, briefly, the latest. Robbie, against Shula's wishes, has rehired Thomas, whose one-man traveling, trading, drafting salvation show put together the early Dolphin teams, the ones Shula eventually converted to Super. But, said Robbie (and Thomas and Shula) when

continued

Shula's 1981 Dolphins are no names—but so were the ones he took to the top in Super Bowl VII



the rehiring was announced three weeks ago, Thomas will not be drafting and trading. He will work under Robbie as a vice-president for "special projects," such as liaison with the new Miami sports authority, and public-relations duties, such as conducting how-to-watch-football classes for women. If that is the case, then Robbie hired Rembrandt to paint the mailbox. But a day or so later, after a few more phone calls, it was mutually understood that Thomas would also "help sign veteran players." And Thomas himself said that, although he would have nothing to do with personnel decisions, he would "attend practice" now and then. Hmmm. More later.

Shula has won despite all the adversity Joe Robbie's money could buy—and some his money could not buy. Ah, nobody knows the adversity Shula has seen. Bear Bryant used to say a man doesn't learn about his mettle when times are good, but rather when the kids are sick and the bank has foreclosed and his wife has run off with the drummer.

In recent months the Shula equivalents seemed to make the news every other day. Csonka, his beloved former fullback, was involved in a grand jury investigation of marijuana smuggling and pleaded the Fifth. Griese, after painfully dragged-out speculation over his ailing arm, retired.

Delvin Williams, the premier running back for whom Shula had traded four years ago and who had gone from the penthouse to the doghouse in record time, said he wouldn't be caught dead in a Dolphin uniform again, and demanded a trade. Last year Williams reportedly fell asleep in team meetings; he was subsequently benched for running as if he were asleep. His agent said the sleeping problem was a "physical" quirk—that Delvin falls asleep in restaurants, too, and "when he's talking to you on the phone."

Then the Dolphins lost the best answer to the what-do-we-do-for-a-running-back-now dilemma by allowing the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League to whisk their No. 1 draft choice, David Overstreet of Oklahoma, from under their upraised noses. Overstreet's agent said the Dolphin personnel man, Bill Davis, wasn't available to talk when it got down to the nitty-gritty. Shula was understandably appalled. Davis then resigned—but for other reasons, he said, including a contract dispute with Robbie (Are you beginning to get a picture?).

Then Linebacker Rusty Chambers, the team's leading tackler in 1978 and '79, was killed in an auto accident.

Then Robbie hired Thomas, a year after threatening he might. And to appreciate the significance of the wild speculation that caused, you have to go back into Shula's strange, strained history with Robbie. To adversities past.

The Dolphins won Super Bowls VII and VIII and were thought of as practically invincible. "I can't tell you how good I felt after that second Super Bowl," says Shula. "We were a young team, with nowhere to go but up. Then one phone call and it all changed."

The call heralded the World Football League's forced entry into the corporate life of the Dolphins, and damaged them as it did no other NFL club. Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield were on their way to all that new NFL money. The battle between the three defectors' agent, Ed Keating, and Robbie was bitter and left scars, mainly on Shula.

Eventually, of course, Csonka came back, for one happy year of *déjà vu* (1979). It is important to note that he came back to Shula, not the Dolphins per se. To Shula, the big fullback was the spirit of the Dolphins and a reflection of his own hardworking, straightforward, nothing-fancy style of getting

from A to B. Upon Csonka's return, Shula named his colie puppy "Zonk." "It [the puppy] was always banging into things, knocking things over," Shula says. "And he was the kind of dog if he ran away I knew he would come back."

Shula built much of his 1980 offense around the Csonka contributions of 1979. The fullback had had a solid year and was voted the team's most valuable player, and Miami won its last AFC East title. Then, once more, Csonka and Robbie got into it, with shocking results.

Robbie offered Csonka a \$100,000 raise; Csonka held out for another \$20,000—partly because he wanted about what Williams was making, but "mainly because he didn't want to come to training camp," says Foley. Csonka always hated training camp. Robbie got his back up. Not untypically, so did Csonka. Csonka said he'd play elsewhere if Robbie didn't come around. Robbie told him not to let the door slap him in the butt on the way out.

"In the end, it all may have been good for Shula," says one Dolphin insider. "It finally forced him to quit looking to old solutions." But even though Shula didn't blame Robbie even privately for this second Csonka defection ("His offer was a farce," Shula says), the ugly, stupid dispute opened at least the memories of old wounds and exposed the realties of life in wonderful, whimsical Robbieland.

At the annual team awards banquet in 1974, Shula was waiting for his wife, Dorothy, who was late, before ascending the dais; Robbie apparently had arrived earlier, because "it was very evident," Shula said at the time, "that he had been drinking." Joe Robbie is an enigmatic man, a case study of the type of guy who would pick a fight with Bo Derek on their wedding night. Robbie isn't happy unless the sparks are flying. He has been known to say terrible things to people in the privacy of public barrooms. He has had disputes with community leaders, the press, businesses that dunned him for nonpayments, Pete Rozelle, NFL owners and, of course, coaches, players and agents.

The "little people" who work for Robbie complain the loudest, but usually behind his back. There he is roundly rebuked as a "skinflint." Joe Thomas himself used to chafe over Robbie's red pencil coursing through "the nickel-and-dime stuff on my expense accounts."

When Thomas' successor, Bobby Beathard, quit as personnel director in



Woodley will run Miami's offense—and the ball.

1978, his swan song was acid rock. He said his scouts had gotten one raise each in four years, and that Robbie wouldn't even pay their way to the Super Bowl. He said Robbie was "just not an honorable person." Nice knowing you, Joe. See you around, Bobby.

But there is that other, equally remarkable side of Robbie—the businessman extraordinaire who from his own pudding investment (\$20,000) to come in as "managing partner" on Actor Danny Thomas' coattails in 1966 ultimately wrestled full control of a franchise now valued at \$30 to \$40 million. Today he is a rich man with a flair for flashy spending (a \$10,000 party for the cast and crew of *Black Sunday* in Miami; an \$80,000-a-year contribution to his favorite university, Notre Dame, both accounted for under Miami Dolphins, Ltd. I. And although it was revealed in the spring of 1980 that the IRS says he owes \$600,000 to \$700,000 in back taxes and that he has had to get huge loans to pay his debts, when it comes to Shula's football operation, Robbie has been an absolute angel.

Shula gives him full credit. Despite Robbie's hassling over contracts, a couple of years ago the Dolphins were revealed to be the highest-paid team in the NFL (Robbie himself revealed it). And, of course, Shula is the highest-paid coach, at \$450,000 per.

But more remarkable than that, Robbie stays out of Shula's hair. It is in their contract that Shula will get no interference from Robbie's office—in fact, that office is 13 miles away from Shula's. Except on salary matters, says Shula, Robbie has never intruded on a single decision involving the hiring, firing or position to be filled by a player. In the age of Steinhilber, Turner, Irsay, Davis et al., Joe Robbie stands out as a coach's dream.

Nonetheless, on the night of the team banquet, Shula saw Robbie advancing. Expecting "some kind of greeting," he was stunned to hear Robbie railing at him for being late and ordering him into the banquet room. Shula doesn't take well to railing-at. That big iron jaw is no lie. "Yell at me again," he said to Robbie, "and I'll knock you on your ass."

The two didn't speak for weeks afterward. Under normal circumstances, it would seem too long ago to worry about, an incident one might even laugh over in time. Shula himself is famous for flying off the handle, but once the irrita-

tion is off his chest, he forgets it. His relationship with Robbie, however, has never warmed; they aren't even close to being good friends. Dick Young of the *New York Daily News* wrote some years back that whenever Shula referred to Robbie privately it was never by name, but by "that ass." (Actually, says a Dolphin insider, the term Shula used was "that ass—.")

There has always been speculation they would eventually split, but each time his contract came due Shula wound up signing on for another tour. The last time was in 1980, for three years. But they were an excruciatingly long time coming to terms. By then Shula had sold back to Robbie his 10% interest in the club. At one point it appeared Shula might even wind up at Notre Dame, the one college job he had coveted as a younger man. The pressure, he says, was on. "I played golf with Moose Krause [then the Notre Dame athletic director]. Moose said there was no hurry. He'd accept my decision after we finished the front nine."

By hiring Thomas, of course, Robbie has opened a 10-gallon drum of worms. Shula told Robbie a year ago he would not have Thomas in his end of the operation ("We have no room"). It was also a personal matter. The two had never had words. They had, in fact, parted friends in 1972, and subsequently had dinner together a number of times on the road. Like Shula, Thomas is a proud, personable, strong-minded football man.

But Thomas became known for circular handling of personnel at Baltimore and San Francisco, his next stops after Miami, and became a "non-person" to Shula (says one Shula associate) by "doing in" Shula's friends.

Thomas was general manager at Baltimore when John Sandusky and then Howard Schnellenberger were fired as head coaches. He was general manager at San Francisco (where he himself was fired in 1979) when Monte Clark quit in a dispute over who was running what. All had been Shula assistants, and close friends.

After his hiring, Thomas called Shula to "set the record straight" on those matters, and Shula apparently was willing to accept some of Thomas' explanations. Although he still felt "Monte got the short end," Shula said last week that he bore Thomas "no deep resentment." But as far as Thomas' job description went, "This is still my product. I'm an charge

continued



Is J. Thomas part of a plot to bag Shula? Robbie needed D. Thomas (below) to bag the team





The Shulas have a Zenk, but the Dolphins don't

DON SHULA continued

of decisions that affect this team." He then lured Charley Winner, the former St. Louis Cardinal and New York Jet coach, to fill Davis' spot, but without the title of personnel director. He agreed to let Thomas "help sign players," obviously because he didn't want a repeat of the Overstreet fiasco.

But the clinker in all of this is Robbie. What does Robbie have in mind? Why did he force the issue in the first place when he knew it would irritate Shula? As an all-league grudge-holder, and a ferociously vindictive man, how well has it really sat with him to have been told by an employee that he was going to get knocked on his ass? But more than that, as an equally proud man, how much has it bothered him to be thought of only as the guy who rode Danny Thomas' coattails into the candy store?

Says one Dolphin source who knows them all, "It has really burned Robbie all these years that Shula got all the credit for those Super Bowl teams. He thinks he gave 'em to him on a platter. But, of course, the Dolphins were 3-10-1 be-

fore Shula. And it was Thomas who drafted the players and made the trades to get Griese and Coonka and Little and Warfield and Buoniconti and all those guys, not Robbie.

"It would have been nice if he had been able to take full credit for finding Shula, but he couldn't even do that. Bill Braucher [then a *Miami Herald* sports-writer] was an old friend of Shula's, and he put them together. So about the only thing you can really give Robbie credit for is staying the hell out of the way."

Ultimately, Shula himself accepts the responsibility for the many poor drafts and trades, and therefore the blame. To keep a team on top, says Thomas, the thing you must do is keep a stream of good athletes coming into the program. In 1973, the year Thomas moved to the Colts, the Dolphins' top pick, Oregon Center Chuck Bradley, couldn't make the club even for a season. Information on some more recent players simply didn't reveal enough about the persons they were, Shula says. Two of the Dolphins' high draftees in 1974, Don Reese and Randy Crowder, were arrested for selling cocaine in 1977 and dropped by the Dolphins. After a year in the Dade County stockade, they went to other clubs. No. 1 Darryl Carlton (1975) got in trouble with the law (a barroom brawl, a high-speed chase of his car by police) and is out of football.

Too, Shula says. "When you're winning, you're drafting 26th, 27th and 28th. You can't help yourself much drafting that low." The Miami drafts of 1975 through '77 produced only one offensive starter still with the club—Wide Receiver Durlin Harris. In effect, then, Shula has been a victim of his own dogged success. But while the Dolphins were drafting the Bradleys and the Carltons, other clubs were picking up Harvey Martin, Danny White, Jack Lambert, Dave Casper and Joe Ferguson after Miami had made its first choice. It didn't help, either, that Thomas' rebuilt Baltimore teams beat Miami four straight in 1975 and 1976.

Shula believes the drafts have been better under Chuck Connor, a former high school coach from Pittsburgh. There are 22 players on the Dolphin roster from Connor's first three drafts. Of course, it remains to be seen how good they are.

So, to waltz it around one more time, what is Robbie doing, bringing Joe Thomas back to Miami? Is he cushioning himself for a fall if Shula finally calls

it a career after three years? Is he cushioning himself from criticism if Shula doesn't rebound from last year's 8-8 the way he did after going 6-8 in 1976 (mainly on account of an unbelievable string of injuries that resulted in 10 knee operations and 144 games lost by starters)? In 1977 Shula huffed and puffed and turned it around to 10-4 and almost won the division championship.

But this isn't an injured team now, it is a new team. With many question marks. Joe Thomas is a personnel expert (he was obviously miscast as a general manager in Baltimore and San Francisco). He's also a very outspoken guy. Will Robbie be going to him when the team looks bad? Robbie has been quoted privately by a close friend as saying that if Shula doesn't get the Dolphins back to the Super Bowl in three years, there would be a "change."

Could Joe Robbie ever fire Don Shula and make anybody in Miami like it? Well, what if he could say he had Joe Thomas "sitting around for two years, and Shula never asked him to help?"

Meanwhile, what is Shula doing? Why, he is out on the practice field, hard at work, of course. Getting ready to win again. Being positive. Being Shula. He says he has high hopes for some of the Dolphins' recent acquisitions. That Jon Gensler and Eric Laakso have helped solidify the offensive line. That Alabama All-America Don McNeal is already a star in the secondary. That young Place-kicker Uwe von Schamann has already proved himself by winning three games for Miami last year.

And, of course, there is the 6'3", 205-pound Woodley, rugged and quick, running the offense. And running the ball, too. That's a new twist that Shula is having fun with—mainly in tormenting rival teams with the prospect of having to defend against an option offense. Woodley averaged 3.9 yards on 55 carries in 1980. Shula will let him run again, at least some of the time.

Shula says he likes Miami. He enjoys the sun. He likes to play tennis and golf year-round ("I shot an 84 the other day"). Two of his five kids are still in school there. He makes local commercials and is a popular television host. He plans to stay a while.

As Foley says, "There are more question marks than ever, but it's an exciting time. And that's when Shoes is at his best."

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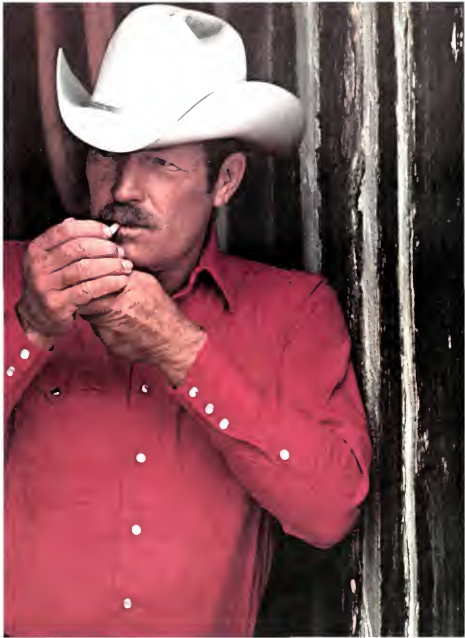
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**AT 41, LANCE LARSON
SWIMS FASTER THAN
WHEN HE WAS 18 AND
SETTING U.S. RECORDS**

Can this middle-aged dentist from an affluent suburb in Southern California find happiness and ego gratification in his old sport? Yes, in Masters swimming

by SOL STERN

Every weekday afternoon you can find Lance Larson at the high school pool in Tustin, Calif., gutting it out with the Southern California Aquatics Club, a powerhouse age-group swim team. He spends 1½ to two hours in a lane with some of the fastest 15-year-olds in the state, pushing through sets of intervals, done at 75% to 90% of race speed, that are the meat and potatoes of quality swim workouts.

Lance Larson isn't a teen-ager. He's a 41-year-old dentist with four sons, all of whom are age-group swimmers. Swimming buffs will perhaps remember him (how could anyone forget that quintessential All-American name?) as one of the original Southern California teen-age phenoms—the first school-boy ever to break 50 seconds for the 100-yard freestyle and the first to win a national AAU title in that event. While still in his teens, Larson led USC to the 1960 NCAA championship, and set two world and 12 American records.

It wasn't until the 1960 Olympics in Rome, however, that Larson became known to a wider audience—because of a gold medal he lost rather than one he won. In the 100-meter freestyle final, Larson dived head to head with the Australian champion, John Devitt, for the entire race. In a film clip of

the event, Larson appears to touch out Devitt. That was also the way most of the reporters at poolside saw it, as did the official timers: their hand-held watches all clocked Larson in 55.1, with Devitt at 55.2. However, the first- and second-place judges were divided in their opinion about who touched out whom. After a half hour of haggling behind closed doors, the head judge arbitrarily awarded first place to the Australian, and the American's time was changed to 55.2, so that the second-place finisher wouldn't have the faster clocking. Although Larson subsequently won a gold medal as a member of the victorious U.S. 4 × 100 medley relay team, he is chiefly recalled as the victim of one of the worst injustices in the history of the Olympics.

But cry not for Lance Larson. Today he is again a celebrity of sorts. While many of his Rome opponents no longer swim, Larson is still competing and so well that he has improved upon some of the records he set more than 20 years ago.

It goes without saying that Larson doesn't look his age. In swim trunks the 6' 1", 178-pound—just two pounds above his Olympic weight—dentist is the perfect model for a poster celebrating the physical benefits of swimming. Still, Larson doesn't swim up to 30,000 yards a week—a regimen that exacts a toll on his professional and family life—merely to keep trim. "I think it's the competition that motivates me more than anything else," he says. "I enjoy winning. Probably also the recognition that goes along with it. It's sort of like being on stage again, sort of an ego trip."

Until fairly recently, adult swimmers such as Larson would have been hard put to find any stage on which to perform. In swimming, most of the facilities, training sessions and meets were reserved for teen-agers and pre-teens. Then, with the

continued



Larson shows off the Olympic medals he won at 20 (inset): gold for the 4 × 100 medley, silver for the controversial 100 free

fitness boom of the past decade, a national program called United States Masters Swimming was started. Sponsored by the AAU and the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., Masters swimming is now one of the most popular adult competitive programs in the country. Nearly 15,000 swimmers, male and female, ages 25 to 90, compete against their peers in five-year age brackets (25-29, 30-34, and so on). Hundreds of clubs vie for team trophies at local and regional meets, and there are two national championships—one short-course, one long-course. Masters swimming even has an official magazine, an attractive quarterly, *Swim Swim*, with a circulation of 10,000.

In the official ethos of Masters swimming, physical fitness, recreation and camaraderie are as important as competition. But make no mistake about it, competition is what really counts once you get to a big regional or national meet and the ex-champs start showing up. Says Carrn Cone Vanderbush, a silver medalist in the 100-meter backstroke at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and now a 40-year-old mother of two, "We all want to succeed. I don't like to come in second to anyone, not even a man." In 2½ years of Masters swimming, Vanderbush has rarely come in second, the main reason being that back home at the Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, where she lives with her husband, Lieut. Col. Al Vanderbush, co-captain of Army's football team in 1960, she spends her afternoons working out with an age-group team.

Competition is what keeps the juices

flowing for Drs. Mani Sanguily and Bill Yorzyk, old pals who also go back to the 1956 Games, in which Yorzyk won a gold medal for the U.S. in the 200-meter butterfly and Sanguily came in sixth in the 200-meter breaststroke, swimming for Cuba. Sanguily, now a general practitioner living in Tarrytown, N.Y., started swimming in the Masters in 1978—"I wanted to leave the club of the anonymous," he says—and persuaded Yorzyk, an anesthesiologist from Springfield, Mass., to join two years later. Sanguily and Yorzyk, both 48, have busy professional schedules, but they find time to get into the water for tough workouts nearly every day. Sanguily averages 3,500 yards a day, while Yorzyk puts in 5,000 to 6,000, but at a slower pace. Between them they hold every record in the breaststroke and butterfly events in the 45-49 age group. Why do they do it? To Sanguily, swimming is valuable because it means "that there is something else besides working every day, making a living, raising the children, paying the bills. That there is something that is mine, that I do for myself. It sounds egotistical, but, doing what I do every day of the week, my life is not my own. I take care of people. In swimming I feel I'm doing something where I'm not used."

Says Yorzyk, "You go through all the stuff about how it makes you feel better physically. And certainly it does, because I work better, I think better, I feel better, I feel younger. But I also like to win."

For Larson, winning is perhaps the easiest part of it. Last year he resolved

to set a national Masters record in every race he entered, and, what's more, to attain personal bests in selected events. "I decided not to limit my thinking," he says. "I left it open. Maybe I could go as fast as I ever went. Setting a goal and achieving those old times made it more fun for me. It also helped me to train harder."

Larson made a spectacular first assault on the record book last August, at the long-course nationals in Santa Clara, Calif. Entering the maximum allowable six events, he took five firsts and set five Masters records. (He was touched out for first in the 50-meter freestyle.) His 200-meter individual medley time of 2:23.98 was almost a full second better than the American record he had set in that event in 1959 at the age of 19. At Santa Clara he also swam the 100-meter butterfly in 1:02.05, better than the American record he held at 17, though off his 1960 personal best of 58.7.

By any measure, Larson's performances were sensational (they earned him a *Swimmer of the Year* award from *Swim Swim*). Yet he was convinced he could go faster. After a short layoff he was back in the pool with the youngsters, plotting for the 1981 short-course nationals on Memorial Day weekend in Irvine, Calif., right in his backyard in Orange County. The pool at the Heritage Park Aquatic complex, the site of the meet, is decidedly fast; the 1980 U.S. Olympic Trials were held there.

In the days before the nationals, the Larson home in affluent Villa Park resembled an adult swim camp. Larson had taken the week off to get ready. Apart from his own events, he also had to worry about arrangements for the 92 men and women members of the Trojan Swim Club, of which he is president, chief recruiter and most passionate cheerleader. Larson and the Trojans were hell-bent on winning the team title at Irvine.

Larson and his wife, Betty, were also playing host to a Scottish team, which consisted of Ronnie Burns, 48, a 1956 Olympian who is now a BBC producer, and Alex Gaillety, 39, an insurance clerk. Larson and the Scotsmen could be found every morning at the Tustin High pool going through their tapering workouts—about one-third of their normal training yardage, with heavy emphasis on pace and speed work. In the afternoons they basked in the sun and took occasional dips in the Larsons' 50-foot

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The Larson clan—Lance, Betty and their four age-group swimmers—pose in their natural habitat.





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backyard pool or in the Jacuzzi. After 3 p.m. the Larson boys would troop in from school. All of them are butterflyers, and the oldest, Lance Jr., 13, has placed in the Junior Olympics. "I'm still beating him," said Lance Sr., "but he'll be catching me pretty soon. I guess I have about another year."

Asked to explain how he was able to approach, even surpass in several instances, the times he achieved 20 or so years ago, Larson said, "First of all, the basic talent is still there. It's like riding a bicycle; you always remember. You still have the style and feel for the water even though you're getting older. In my case, I feel that I'm training smarter because I have all of this experience behind me. Plus I'm training harder, with more intensity. I'm not screwing around like a younger person might do. My time is limited, and I'm going to use it to full advantage."

"And then the nature of training 20 years ago wasn't what it is today. In the old days we'd do maybe one main set of intervals with a lot more rest. We might have done 10 times 100 yards freestyle on 1 minute, 30 seconds. Well, I'm still doing 10 100s, but we're doing them on 1:10. Or we'll do 10 100s on 1:50 and then 10 more on 1:40 and so on. Now I never did that in the old days. But that's what all the 15-year-olds are doing now, which is why I prefer working out with them."

But sometimes, Larson admitted, his swimming borders on the obsessive, and he forgets that he is, after all, 41. So once the nationals were over he planned to

"back off and spend more time with my family." What he meant was that he would cut his yardage down to a "mere" 15,000 a week.

On Friday night Larson and the Scotsmen performed the swimmers' traditional ritual before every big meet—they shaved down. The next morning the Larsons, who are evangelical Christians, and their guests said a prayer for a "good meet," then they piled into the family van for the 15-minute ride down the freeway to the Irvine pool.

This year's short-course nationals were the flowering of Masters swimming. More than 1,200 men and women competed, including at least 100 foreign competitors from as far away as Germany, Venezuela and Australia. Every time you looked, it seemed there were ex-Olympians or ex-national champions up on the starting blocks. And as a portent of things to come, several top swimmers showed up who had competed at last year's Olympic Trials. One of those making the transition from open to Masters competition was Jim Montgomery, the 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the 100-meter freestyle. Montgomery, 26, took the 100-yard freestyle in 45.72 and the 200 in 1:41.81, times good enough to have won most early-season college meets.

There was no doubt, however, who had the best meet: Larson. He almost pulled off a clean sweep; in his six individual events he won six gold medals and set five Masters records. Larson also swam a leg on two record-breaking relay teams, helping the Trojans win the team title. Most significantly, he took an-

other large stride toward breaking all of his old best-ever times.

Larson started out by winning the 200-yard backstroke in 2:08.51, smashing the Masters record by seven seconds and his own best college time by three seconds. Then he won the 200-yard individual medley in 2:04.11. To appreciate just how fast that is for a 41-year-old, take a look at the 1960 record book. In the spring of that year the American mark for the 200 IM was 2:06.9, but at the Pacific Coast Conference championships, Larson, aged 19, lowered it to 2:05.8. A few weeks later, at the NCAA championships, he swam a 2:04.8 in a qualifying heat. In the final he once again lowered the record, to 2:03.2, which is his personal best. Larson's winning times in three other Masters events—the 400-yard individual medley, the 100- and 200-yard butterfly—were also just a shade off his best-ever times, but better than what he was doing at 17 and 18.

In the 200-yard freestyle at Irvine, Larson faced a formidable opponent. Larson was in Lane 6 with the fastest seed time, but on the starting block three lanes to his right stood the renowned Australian Murray Rose, now 42 and as lean and handsome as ever. Rose was the best distance swimmer in the world at about the same time that Larson was dominating the freestyle and butterfly sprints. At the 1960 Olympics, Rose, who won the gold medal in the 400-meter free—he had previously won three golds at the 1956 Olympics—had been a teammate of Larson's nemesis, Devitt.

The race loomed as a classic match-up between the sprinter and the distance man in an event that demands both speed and endurance. The question in everyone's mind, however, was whether Rose, who had been in Masters swimming for only a few months, could keep pace with the superbly conditioned Larson.

As the electronic starter sounded, Rose shocked just about everyone. Larson included, by taking it out very fast and holding on. At 75 yards, Larson looked to his left, realized that Rose had a full body length on him, and started to accelerate. Coming out of the last turn they were dead even and sprinting for home. For one brief moment it appeared that there might be another controversial finish between an Australian and an American. But Larson reached down, found that extra surge and touched first in 1:52.45, with Rose .3 of a second be-

Vanderbush (left) and Yozzyk share a goal. She hopes "to come in second," he "likes to win."



hind. As Larson raised a fist in victory, the P.A. man said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Lance Larson and Murray Rose." The crowd of 1,000 responded with a standing ovation. Both Larson and Rose were only about two seconds off their best-ever times for the event.

Rose, who lives in Los Angeles and works in import marketing—he also does stunts as an actor and sports broadcaster—said he enjoyed his reunion with "old friends and allies" from the Melbourne Olympics, such as Sanguily and Yorzyk, and was delighted to discover that he was swimming about as well as he had at those Games. This was fairly amazing, considering that because of swimmer's ear, which is quite painful, Rose hadn't been in the water for five years before he resumed workouts last October. "My first workout was such an incredible experience," Rose said. "You know, I came home to my wife and I said, 'I'm just ecstatic about rediscovering swimming.' Over the years I've continued to work out, whether it's playing squash or running or doing calisthenics, but there's nothing that gives me the same feeling of well-being as swimming. I've found that since I resumed swimming, my life is a bit easier. I'm walking just a little more in tune with myself."

Rose won the 500-yard and 1,650-yard freestyle at Irvine, and watching him swim those distances with his smooth, effortless stroke, one had the feeling that, as much as anyone in the over-40 group, he would be capable of doing spectacular times again. Rose himself is convinced that with the proper training he could break 17 minutes for the 1,500—something he never did in his youth. (His world record in 1964 was 17:01.8.) What would help him go faster now, he said, were all the improvements in swimming since his retirement: the fast pools, the advanced training techniques, the no-touch flip turn, which didn't come into use until the mid-'60s. But he believes the biggest plus to be psychological. "Since everyone is swimming so much faster today, you just know it's something that can easily be accomplished," Rose said. "Therefore you program yourself to perform at a higher standard. Younger people are discovering their bodies can do more, so older athletes are also more conscious of that possibility."

Equally upbeat about the future is James (Doc) Counsman, the venerable Indiana University coach and one of



Swimming makes life "easier" for Rose (left) and takes Sanguily out of "the club of the anonymous."

Masters swimming's most fervent boosters. Counsman was at Irvine primarily to swim—he took a silver medal in the 100-yard breaststroke in the 60-64 age bracket—and while waiting for one of his events to begin he said, "I don't think any of us realize that the boom hasn't really hit yet in Masters swimming. I would anticipate that there's going to be more Masters swimmers than age-group swimmers [of which there are now 162,000-plus]. And then when the bunch that are now in age-group swimming come into Masters, the times are going to get ridiculous."

How ridiculous? Said Counsman, "I personally feel that in the next 100 years we'll see men 50 running under four minutes for the mile, and I think we'll see 50-year-old men swimming under four minutes for the 400-meter freestyle. That's how convinced I am that there is just untapped physical potential in older people."

Of course, as Counsman pointed out, running and swimming cannot really be compared. "Running is a natural skill," he said. "In swimming, it's a matter of learning skills. If everybody had to swim to the store or to church from a very early age, then they would all have their best times when they are young, as they do in track. You expect running times to peak much earlier than in a complex field like swimming. We are constantly working with stroke mechanics, the proper elbow bend, for example. Swimming is very exciting because it's still a pioneering field."

And the pioneers are doing quite well, thank you. At Irvine, Yorzyk lowered his own Masters records in the 100- and 200-yard butterfly events, and Sanguily broke records that he had established three years ago in the 50- and 200-yard breaststroke. As the two old friends left the short-course nationals, they were comparing notes about their training schedules for the long-course nationals, to be held at Canton, Ohio next month. Perhaps at Canton they could shave off a few more seconds before entering the 50-54 bracket.

On a Sunday afternoon just a few weeks after the Irvine championships, Sanguily could be found by the pool at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club in Scarborough, N.Y. While some of his more sedentary contemporaries looked on in amazement, Sanguily jumped into an empty lane and started to work. First he swam a 500-yard freestyle as a warmup. Then he picked up a kickboard and kicked 1,000 yards. Next he swam another 500 yards breaststroke, hard. Finally he did intervals—20 times 25 yards breaststroke on a push-off, with 10 seconds' rest between each sprint. After swimming a few slow laps to cool down, Sanguily bolted out of the pool, his bald head glistening and a Peter Pan smile on his face. "I feel real good, I feel strong," he said. "When I do those intervals, I say to myself, 'I'm not really going to be 50.'"

END



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Sears

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Taking 'roo hops in NerK

It was the great international pastime at the World Friendship Series in Ohio

The hills of Newark, Ohio were alive last week with the sounds of Italian opera, Latin salsa, Korean folk music and the gentle strains of *God Bless America*. The occasion wasn't an international music festival, but an international baseball festival, specifically, the first World Friendship Baseball Series for youths 18 and under.

The 11 nations represented were Australia, Canada, El Salvador, Guatemala, Holland, Italy, the Republic of China (Taiwan), South Korea, Sweden, the U.S. and Venezuela. The financial shorts kept Panama from showing up, so NerK, Ahn, as locals jokingly call their town, substituted its own team at the last minute.

A good time, not to mention good baseball, was had by all, and when the World Friendship Series was over last Saturday night, Korea was the champion. Under a spectacular moon, the Koreans

bowed to the crowd and then celebrated by tossing each other into the air and singing *Arrang*, a traditional folk song. The crowd then toasted the second-place U.S. team with a sweet rendition of our second-string anthem.

Even though the U.S. holds the patent on baseball, it was really no surprise that Korea won. While this tournament was being played in Newark, 8,000 miles away, in Seoul, a team of Korean college all-stars was taking a seven-game series against a team of topflight U.S. collegians four games to one. Earlier, that U.S. team had also lost to the Japanese four to one. In all, 77 countries play baseball, about 40 with some proficiency. The country that may have the best amateur program of all is Cuba, which wasn't represented in Newark. Still, the Cubans would have been hard pressed to defeat the Koreans.

Baseball is now the No. 1 sport in Korea. A crowd of 50,000 for a high school game there isn't unusual, and Friendship games were telecast back via satellite. The Koreans sent their very best to

Newark, and trained hard for 40 days before the start of the series. The U.S. team, on the other hand, was selected by the University of Northern Colorado's IBM System/34 computer, based on information provided by 18,000 high school and youth league coaches across the country. The players didn't try out and had only three days to practice together. For a makeshift team, the U.S. did very well.

The World Friendship Series was a prelude to baseball's appearance as a demonstration sport in the

1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Last week it demonstrated, or at least strongly suggested, that America isn't likely to dominate Olympic baseball as it has Olympic basketball, another U.S.-bred sport. But that may not be so bad. If amateur baseball competition can be shown to be wide open, then it has a better chance of being accepted as the 22nd Summer Olympic sport.

"We wanted to show the world that we could run a successful international tournament on this scale," said Dick Cave, executive director of the U.S. Baseball Federation. Said Bob Smith, the USBF president and acting president of the International Association of Amateur Baseball, "We succeeded beyond my wildest expectations." Attendance for the 34-game series at Don Edwards Park, a nice field hard by the B&O Railroad yards, was 65,834, and the final game drew 10,477 fans, which isn't bad for a town with a population of slightly more than 40,000. Newark may seem an unlikely place to hold an international tournament, but it has been host to four Babe Ruth World Series. Located about 35 miles east of Columbus, it's famous for the manufacture of lawn mowers and the Hopewell Indians, a tribe that reamed the area about 2,000 years ago and built large earthen burial mounds. Some of the mounds have been incorporated into a local golf course, but none was used for pitching at Don Edwards. The town also does a brisk business selling NerK T-shirts, an item the Australians got a big kick out of, because Down Under a nerK is a smelter.

The Koreans were truly gifted players: They allowed just five hits in the four games in their bracket, no-hitting both Holland and Sweden and outscoring their opponents 45-1. And, boy, are they strict! One of their coaches was seen bopping errant players on the head with a stick, and a kick in the rear for making a mistake wasn't uncommon. "If we tried to do something like that with any of our players," said U.S. Assistant Coach Don Stout, "we'd have a lawsuit on our hands." Luke Im, the head of the Korean Association of Greater Columbus,

continued

With a 90 mph fastball, Sun was the star of Korea's winning team.



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Why do you think your brand is lowest?
Because its ads say so?

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| | 80's <small>tar</small> | 85's <small>tar</small> | 100's <small>tar</small> | 100's <small>tar</small> |
|------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| NOW | <small>Less than</small> 0.01mg | 1mg | <small>Less than</small> 0.01mg | 2mg |
| CARLTON | <small>Less than</small> 0.01mg | 1mg | 1mg | 5mg |
| CAMBRIDGE | <small>Less than</small> 0.1mg | 1mg | — | 6mg |
| BARCLAY | 1mg | 1mg | — | 3mg |

All tar numbers are in mg. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one indicated (*), which is in mg. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

NOW
The Lowest
The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine,
SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine,
SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Beside the B&O Railroad tracks, Lombardi takes a mighty cut in vain for the U.S. in the first game of the finals against Korea. The visitors prevailed 3-1

BASEBALL *continued*

explained. "They're very obedient. A strong bond is built up among the players and coaches. They're like brothers and sons."

Although the Koreans train and live and play as one, they do have performers who stand out. Sun Dong-yeol, a business major in college, has a prodigious fastball that approaches 90 mph. Bruce Dal Canton, a former major league pitcher who now scouts for the White Sox, watched Sun and said, "You can steal all day on his windup, he pitches on top of the rubber instead of in front of it, and his ball has no real movement. But, boy, would I have liked that arm." Sun

overpowered the U.S. in the first of the two games on Saturday that would determine the champion. He allowed six hits and struck out 11 in winning 3-1. The Koreans' second-best pitcher, Kim Keun-woo, who is also his team's best hitter, held the Americans to four hits in the second game, while striking out 10. Final score: Korea 3, U.S. 2.

The U.S. squad was the product of an experiment to see if a team could be selected objectively, sight unseen. Forms were sent out to state high school associations, which were supposed to forward them to local high school coaches, although there were breakdowns in some

states. Stout, for instance, never got a form at Greenville (Ill.) High School. The results that did come in were fed into the computer, which spit out the 10 best players at each position. The players were then chosen by a committee composed of Northern Colorado Coach Tom Petroff, his assistant and a psychologist. Two of the machine's top choices had already been signed by the major leagues, and the computer also came up with a few clunkers. But it knew enough to pick a catcher named Lombardi: Phil Lombardi from Granada Hills, Calif., a third-round draft choice of the Yankees, who signed after the last game. Lombardi got hold of one of Sun's fastballs for the U.S. team's only run in the first game of the finals.

Petroff, who was also the U.S. team coach, gave the IBM 34 a B plus for its efforts. "What the computer does is eliminate all the politics and regional biases," he said. "We still need a tryout system, but I don't think someone like Todd Burns would have made this team had it not been for the computer." Burns, an unheralded pitcher from Bellflower, Calif., won two games and allowed only one earned run in 24½ innings. He was the losing pitcher in the finale, but only because he was undone by errors, two of which allowed the winning run to score in the bottom of the ninth.

Australia was the third-place team, defeating Venezuela 7-5 for that distinction on Friday night. The Aussies have been coming fast in international competition, thanks largely to American coaches. Charley Lau, the Yankees' batting in-

A cross-section of the 11 nations that played in the series; the fellow in middle is from Holland



structor, went there three years ago, and his philosophy can be seen in the Australians' aggressive style at the plate. The most talented of the Aussies in Newark was Shortstop Craig Shipley, who will enter the University of Alabama on scholarship in the fall. The Australians have also made a contribution to the baseball lexicon. Taking a lead off first base is known as taking "kangaroo hops," or, alternatively, "roo hops."

Guatemala, which failed to win a game, had the youngest team, with several 15-year-olds. The country's baseball program is just beginning, and a U.S. coach may go to Guatemala to help out El Salvador, stepping right off the front pages, didn't do as well as Assistant Coach Mauricio Pineda expected, finishing 1-4, but he blamed it in part on too much food and too many girls.

European archrivals Holland and Italy arranged a friendly game within the Friendship Series, which Holland won 6-2. The Dutch, strong on pitching and weak on hitting, lost a couple of hard-breakers, 5-4 to Canada and 3-1 to Venezuela. The Dutch coach, Cees Santfort, sports a Vandyke. Italy was coached by John Noce, who leaves the College of San Mateo in California to spend his summers there. "We're big on the *fùori di campo*, which literally means 'out of the field,'" says Noce. "We're also very slow. Football [soccer] gets all the fast kids. We get all the trucks." Noce demonstrated throughout the tournament that Italian is by far the best language for arguing with umpires. He sounded like Pavarotti.

The worst—or friendliest—team in the tournament was Sweden, but there are only five baseball diamonds in the country. In the biggest mismatch of the week, Korea kept piling on the runs until it was ahead 20-0. The scoreboard, however, couldn't register 20, so it reverted to 0-0. The Swedes rejoiced. The Koreans, though, kept stealing bases, and finally Swedish Coach Robert Claesson instructed his pitcher, 15-year-old Michael Aho, to "*kasta några*," which is Swedish for "play a little chin music." Unfortunately, it didn't do Aho much good. After his brush-back pitch, he proceeded to give up a home run to Kim Keun-woo. As Kim rounded third base, though, there was Aho, standing among the Koreans, waiting to shake Kim's hand. In Swedish, that is an example of *vänskap*. Friendship. **END**

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"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out... Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweek



Kathy sank her teeth into two seeds at Paris.

Latest in a lengthening line

Kathy Rinaldi, 14 and heirress to the Evert-Austin-Jaeger tradition of youthful success, already beats some of her elders and gives promise of being the best ever

They just keep coming, with two fists on their backhands, ribbons in their hair and Mr. Moo, the one-eared stuffed animal, sitting on their beds back home: Evert, Austin, Jaeger and now 14-year-old Kathy Rinaldi, who last month had all the newshounds baying as she tramped around Europe, playing her way into tennis history. Her father, who has curtailed his dental practice in Florida to shepherd his daughter, recalls noticing four

passengers on a flight to London perusing different newspapers, each of which carried a picture of Kathy.

Rinaldi first burst onto the sports pages when she knocked off eighth-seeded Dianne Fromholtz and Anne Smith (No. 11) to reach the quarterfinals of the French Open. Two weeks later, she created another sensation by fighting off a match point to become the youngest player ever to win a match at Wimbledon. In the second round the jitters caught up with her, and she lost in three sets to Claudia Pasquale of Switzerland.

Before her 15th birthday, when she was four months older than Rinaldi is now, Andren Jaeger turned pro, and today, some 18 months later, she's close to being a millionaire. Kathy, meanwhile, paws at the ground when the subject of going pro comes up. "Sure," she says. "Isn't that everyone's goal?"

So far, Rinaldi has passed up thousands in prize money, but for the summer at least she'll remain an amateur, entering one or two open tournaments while concentrating on 18-and-under amateur events, where the competitive spirit sometimes takes a backseat to jealousy and envy. Two weeks ago, at the National Junior Hard Courts in Burlingame, Calif., Rinaldi, seeded third—the two players seeded ahead of her were 17—

er ever to sweep all four U.S. girls 12-and-under titles in a single year. Last year, playing in the 14s, she won two major championships and reached at least the semis of every other 14-and-under tournament she entered. She ended up ranked third nationally, behind two girls a year older than she. This year, in addition to her wins in Europe, she has given Martina Navratilova a fine match.

How good is Rinaldi? Frank Froehling, a former U.S. Davis Cupper who was ranked sixth in the world in 1963, has had a hand in developing her strokes. "She can be the best woman player of all time," says Froehling. "My feeling is that she's better at this age than anybody before her, including Tracy Austin."

Austin and Jaeger are the standards by which all others are measured in the world of tiny-tot pro tennis. Kathy compares well to both of them. She stands 5' 5" and weighs 115 pounds—bigger than either Austin or Jaeger is now—and her ground strokes, especially off a reliable backhand, are power-packed. Amy Olmedo, 18-year-old daughter of 1959 Wimbledon champion Alex Olmedo, plays for Texas' Trinity University, which had the nation's second-ranked women's team in 1981. Rinaldi recently routed her 6-1, 6-0. Afterward, Amy said, "It's the same feeling I had playing Austin four years ago. In fact, I think she hits harder than Tracy did at the same age."

She also volleys better than Austin, Jaeger and Chris Evert did at 14. Instead of swinging at the ball as most girls her age do, Kathy punches it. Though she doesn't venture up to the net regularly, she's not afraid of it and she knows how to use the angles once she gets there.

Rinaldi's deficiencies are a lollipop serve and an occasional smothered forehand. She also lacks Austin's speed and Jaeger's touch. "But she has a lot of natural ability," says Froehling. She's currently ranked 38th on the Women's Tennis Association computer.

It's a bit surprising to wake up and find an international tennis star eating jelly beans in your living room, which is more or less what has suddenly happened to Dennis and Linda Rinaldi. Kathy's par-

continued



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without air conditioning and power steering, it offers you the kind of economy that makes road work a sheer pleasure.

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be deleted for credit) and multi-function lever awaiting your every command.

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Of course, we knew you'd want a car that looks as good as it feels. So we gave this sporty new J2000 a wedge-shaped design that not only helps make it aerodynamic, but stylish as well. It adds up to one high mileage car you won't ever want to park.

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NEW PONTIAC J2000

ents. The Rinaldis live in the tiny community of Sewall Point, which is near Jensen Beach, which is near Stuart, which is about 50 miles up the coast from West Palm Beach.

Dennis was a basketball and baseball star during his high school years in Cleveland. Lindi is from nearby Rocky River, and they both look as if they just stepped out of their respective high school yearbooks. Indeed, they don't like it when reporters ask their ages. "Just say we're fortyish," says Lindi. "I'm 39," says Dennis, "just like Jack Benny."

"Who's Jack Benny?" says Kathy.

There are three older children in the family: Denny, a first-year student at the University of Florida dental school; Tina, a senior at the University of Virginia; and Bill, a freshman at Florida. They all played tennis as kids, but started late, i.e., after they put away their pacifiers for good. Kathy started playing when she was four. She would tag along with her mother to the courts, and when Lindi finished playing, she got to hit for 15 minutes. That started it. "It was always just fun for her," says Lindi. "It wasn't drill, drill, drill at that point."

That came later, when she gave up baton twirling. Girl Scouts, cheerleading,

softball and the piano for tennis. Soon she was going through tournaments hardly losing a game, much less a set. At 12 she played an exhibition at the Wightman Cup matches. Shortly thereafter, her passport was getting stamped regularly.

For someone so gifted, Rinaldi's record was a bit spotty through the first few months of this year. Then her Prince showed up. After losing in the second round of the 18s at the Easter Bowl tournament in Edgewater, N.J., in April, she switched to the wood version of that oversized racket the next day, and her confidence soared. That week she sailed through the qualifying of a pro tournament at Amelia Island, Fla. and then won two matches in the main draw before Navratilova beat her 7-6, 6-1.

All the media hype has been a shock to the Rinaldis, who try not to forget that their daughter is only entering the ninth grade at Martin County High School. "We're learning as we go along," says Dennis, who, in effect, is the curator of a tennis treasure. "You can look at it that way," he says. "But we don't. I try to relate everything to what's best for her. If we make a mistake, we make a mistake."

A lot of tongues wagged last year when Dennis, a good club player who's rela-

tively new to the game, decided to replace Froehling with himself as his daughter's coach. He made the change after Kathy lost in the semis of the National 14s. "It's a strange situation," says Froehling, 39, who owns a tennis-court-construction business in Stuart, Fla. "They didn't contact me about the move, and I didn't contact them. I just assumed he didn't want me to coach her. It's a little sad because I put a lot of work into Kathy, and I feel I had something to do with helping her. When I read about her now, I never see my name."

Froehling, who still considers himself a friend of the family, believes sending Kathy to Europe this spring, her success notwithstanding, may have been a mistake. "I think Dennis is rushing it," he says. "The pressure is on her, and it didn't need to be at this point. Now she's in the spotlight, and she's expected to perform. I would've liked for her to have waited one more year. But I don't want to criticize Dennis. If Kathy becomes the best in the world, I'll feel great."

To train his daughter, Dennis has re-structured his dental practice, working early-morning hours and then knocking off to head for the courts. He once was a one-handicap golfer. "The fundamentals of the two games are similar," he says. "They're both swinging sports. Kathy and I work together. She tells me what she thinks, and if we disagree we talk it over. She'll give anything an honest try."

Despite all the attention and expectations, Kathy remains a low-key, unaffected teen-ager whose little-girl ways show up unexpectedly, like fingernails painstakingly decorated with minute figures that include a tiny watermelon. Her favorite food is pizza, and her responses are just as elementary.

What do you miss when traveling?

"My friends."

Do you wish reporters would vanish?

"Sometimes."

What's most important on the court?

"Concentration."

Rinaldi is obviously single-minded about her tennis. Most days when she's not in a tournament she jogs, does agility drills and calisthenics, and skips rope to music. This all comes after she has worked out for two to three hours on the court with her father.

There's so little time, you see. Not long ago sweet 16 was considered the turning point in a player's development. These days that's old.



Mom started Kathy playing at four, and last year Dad cut back his dental practice to coach her

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The athlete's life is such a limited one, and he is, perforce, so typed, that it seems he is forever the same being: a large block number with a person draped around it. For example, most classically there is Pete Rose. Two decades later, on a different team, after many different positions, after triumph and turmoil, a publicized divorce, the deflowering of a flat-top and his public cologne-ing, there remains only the singular vision of ... Pete Rose. And nothing on God's green earth is going to monkey with that comfortable verity.

Oh, to be sure, everybody grows up some, and for athletes who last we traditionally have ceremonial updatings. These personal invoices usually appear in the regenerative year following an uncommonly bad season. They explain the star's Comeback! So-and-so has a new stance, or a more understanding new (choose one) organization/coach/little woman, or a better conditioning program, or a more congenial partnership with The Almighty, or a tonsillectomy.

But such revelations about an athlete don't indicate any real growth on his part. To the contrary: The proclaimed change is merely a convenient *deus ex machina* that has gotten him back to precisely where he was, to exactly what we had come to expect of him—hitting .329, winning 20 games, whatever. Goodness gracious, the last thing we want is for our sporting heroes to confuse us with any sort of trans- *continued*

Tom Seaver, ever the picture-perfect pitcher, is congenial but maintains a wall against the world

Behind the Fence

by **Frank Deford**





Tom Seaver

continued

mutation—decay, most especially. More accurately, comebacks are go-backs.

What makes those light-beer commercials so dear to us is that the great old players return in the flesh exactly as we so fondly recall them. It is ultimate comeback. Easiest job in the world, 1990: to write the Pete Rose light-beer commercial.

But what will they ever write for Tom Seaver?

You can't freeze him in 30 seconds. He had the tenacity—the rudeness—to change as he went along, and when he's gone, for all his records and all his fame, we'll look back and we'll have no idea what was there. Say "Tom Seaver" and, quick, what comes to mind?

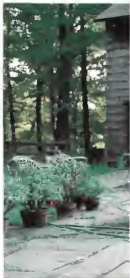
Whatever, you probably didn't respond with "fireballer," as you would have with Feller or Koufax or Gibson or Gossage. Yet, of course, that's exactly what he was—still is, in many respects, even at age 36, his low, hard one having wasted away only from 98 mph to 94 or 95. Seaver has all sorts of fireball records—19 strikeouts in a game, 10 in a row, 10 seasons of 200 or more, nine of them in a row, the fifth pitcher to pass 3,000 lifetime and so on—but he's not at all what we think of when we envision a strikeout king. The prototype there is Nolan Ryan, Seaver's old Met teammate, who for all his glorious whiffy can barely win more than he loses. Fireballers are like big-breasted beauties, endowed with one anatomical bounty that too often obscures development elsewhere in the body. However, even at his fastest, Seaver always had the image of a thinking artist rather than a hurler. "There are only three physical elements to a pitch," he says. "Velocity, movement and location—and the least important of these is velocity. Stiff, pitching is using what you have to work with on any one day. Somebody can say, well, that pitcher's just a thrower because all he used was 100-mph fastballs. But that can be pitching too if that's what you happen to have best on that particular day."

And as Seaver is a strikeout king who wasn't supposed to be, so is he a Californian who prefers the East and now works in the Midwest, where he might as well be an alien in on a green card, so inexpressible is he to the good burghers of Cincinnati. And as businesslike as he may be, there was a moment years ago when he permuted himself to be the of-

ficial Cinderella Kid, because he understood that his Mets of 1969 were more of a mystical experience than anything else, and he was best suited to assume the lead in the fantasy.

As ever, once Seaver made up his mind, he played it to the hilt. He worked Vegas after the World Series. And he was the first Cinderella ever to be so solicitous as to let his spouse ride shotgun on the pumpkin. Her name is Nancy, but so often did the words "Tom's lovely wife" precede her name that the phrase seemed to be part of her moniker, too. He even allowed an ad to be placed in the business pages of *The New York Times* that offered him and his lovely wife Nancy "for those situations that call for young Mrs. America or husband and wife sales appeal." Among other things, they did play-by-play on a Turkey Day parade.

But when that fancy had run its course, Seaver resumed his natural posture and never really let the public get a piece of



him again. For that matter, even then, even when it was Tom Terrific and the Amazing Mets, when Tom and his lovely wife Nancy owned the world, there was still a certain distance and preoccupation evident. She says:

"I was always Nancy to the crowd, but even that year he was Tom Seaver—Tomseaver—always a little more formal,

always Tomseaver. We lived in Bayside in Queens that year, upstairs in a furnished apartment in a two-family house, and the neighborhood kids would come over, and they'd chant, 'We want Tomseaver, we want Tomseaver.' Cab drivers would see me walking down the street, and they'd call out to me. 'Hey, Nancy, how's Tom?' But a cab driver



During the strike, Seaver came back to his off-season home in Connecticut to join his family: Nancy, Ann (left) and Sarah and two dogs.

would never call out like that to him." It's almost as if he positioned you that way, as a buffer?

"Oh, I'm sure you could say that. Tom was always so mature. He always has his wit about him. He's a very introverted man—do the fans understand that?—and he gives a lot more thought to things than even he realizes he does. I was the immature one then. I was content just to be the lady of the moment, to get a taste of all those things that two kids from Fresno never get. I never stopped to ask him about goals. But Tom always has known what he wanted and where he was going."

Seaver was once the player rep of the Mets, which probably hurried his banishment from New York, and he's still active in the players' union, attending most of the negotiation sessions since the strike began. But apart from the strike, which affects all players, this summer is one of

the few times in Seaver's career when he hasn't been in transit of a sort. The reason Seaver has always been so hard to grasp is not just because he defends his privacy so and not just because he cloaks himself in different personas—although that, as we shall see, is in fact true—but also because he has never been content to stand in one place and because cir-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DESS JR.

cumstances have providently helped him remain a moving target.

There are only two stages of the player's existence that old No. 41 hasn't passed through. With others, there may be, in the middle, some shifting of the order that makes it different from Seaver's, but nonetheless, here's the Complete Life of the Ballplayer, from sandlots to pension plans:

- I. Prospect
- II. Phenom
- III. Regular
- IV. Star
- V. Established Star
- VI. Hero
- VII. Superstar cum Celebrity
- VIII. Disappointment (?)
- IX. Comeback Kid (?)
- X. Leader
- XI. Controversial Leader
- XII. Trade Bait
- XIII. Appreciated Elsewhere
- XIV. Disabled
- XV. Restored (El Comebacko Segundo)
- XVI. Veteran
- XVII. Hanger-On
- XVIII. Ex-

Seaver is now resting at XVI, rather gracefully, with a 7-1 record and a 2.07 ERA at the time of the strike. Because he has had only a nagging pulled muscle in his left leg this season, there isn't any evidence that he is ready to descend soon to that depressing XVII. "My one statistical goal is 300 wins, but I'm not going to keep after it if I have to struggle," he says. "It's no fun to go out there and not be able to pitch well. That *continued*



The morning after pitching well, Seaver gets all the ego boost he needs by renting the bus seat.

Tom Seaver

continued

would be too frustrating." So, with 252 wins, he will indefinitely keep in the vernacular, taking his turn.

It is worth understanding, too, that for all his years on the mound, Seaver hasn't turned into some grizzled junk specialist who has lost the flame and stays in the game only with tattered skills and emery boards. As sure as his countenance is still as unlined as it is unruffled, as certain as his every hair is in place and is of the same shade of brown, so is he still very much a fastball pitcher.

Seaver's father says his boy had a natural slider even as a Little Leaguer, but Seaver now finds that sometimes the slider takes too much out of him and he cannot go with it. So he'll use the change more, turn the big curve over to lefties—pitching is what you have best on that particular day—but, ultimately, he'll still have to do more things with the fastball. The point of having a 94-mph fastball—just as it is with a 98-mph fastball... or an 88, for that matter—is to know when to throw it at all 94 mph. On his best turns, Seaver estimates that if he throws 125 pitches, all but five will be thrown exactly where he wants them, moving as he wants at the velocity he wants. This isn't to say some batter still won't hit one of the right 120 or miss one of the wrong five, but it's to show how precise Seaver can be.

The reason Seaver has metamorphosed less than most fastball pitchers is that so much of his throwing power comes from his whole body instead of just his wing. Harry the Hat Walker, the National League batting champion in 1947, who for more than four decades has studied pitchers as hounds do coons, watched the young Seaver when he first came up and concluded, "He's the most compact pitcher I have seen"—an appraisal no one would dispute today. It's no coincidence that Seaver's injury this year has been to his thigh. Unlike most pitchers, most of his disabilities have been to his lower portions. "Look," he says, pointing to his bottom half, "if I had to translate the things done to this

part of my body to this one"—a sweeping motion across his chest—"I wouldn't even... you know..."

You wouldn't even still be pitching? "I found that out for sure last year."

That was when he suffered his first notable arm injury, tendinitis in his shoulder, and for the first time had to consider "the frightening possibility" that he might have to give up pitching.

Just as the image of the fireballer doesn't fit Seaver, neither does he re-

ter: Seaver prefers serviceable modest boxer shorts to cover all of his thick, mulish thighs. Six feet one, he now weighs a blocky 212, and his chest and arms are round and solid.

A couple of days a week he does a series of arm exercises with 10-pound weights. Nancy worries about his fleshiness and the threat of a double chin. But, hang vanity. Seaver still recalls the first time he came to Cincinnati. It was 1967, and the Reds played in Crosley

Field. The phenom on the mound was a youngster named Gary Nolan. Seaver observed Nolan in growing, sad confusion. "Even when Tom was a young pitcher, he was an analyst," Nolan Ryan says. Suddenly, Seaver turned to Harvey Haddix, the Mets' pitching coach, who was sitting next to him. "Harvey," he cried out, "that kid is going to break his arm." Nolan was a terrific pitcher for a couple of seasons, but then he was in and out, and his arm was gone for good by 1977. Seaver is now, at 36, the Reds' pitcher, grubbing it out, still pitching with such technical perfection that he must wear a kneepad on his right, trailing, leg, be-

cause he comes in so low, scraping the earth, dirtying his pristine Cincinnati whites. Yes, he's technically perfect, but he's too stubby compared to the beau ideal. But... turns.

Thus, by all odds, there is no reason to expect that Seaver won't win another 48 for his 300. No, he won't ever hang around as a scuffler just to achieve his goal, but neither can we conceive of him abandoning the mound and smartly stepping over into the rest of his life with all the intellectual cool he purports to bring to this decision. Baseball—pitching—is too much his "joy," a word he often employs. Or maybe some of it has a lot to do, secretly, with what Bill Bonham says.

Bonham is another righthanded pitcher on the Reds, whose lifetime record is 75-83, 4.00 compared with Seaver's 252-142, 2.59. Also, unlike Seaver, his upper body is crisscrossed with the sur-



Seaver's pitching motion is so compact he requires a kneepad on his right leg

semble what pitchers are supposed to look like: lean, long-limbed fellows, kicking high, parabolic motions; one sees Sutton or Gaudry or, above all, Seaver's incipient Hall of Fame contemporary, the glamour-puss Palmer, lithe, ribbon-muscled, sexy.

But: Turns. Palmer was a World Series winner at 20 in 1966 while Seaver was still in the minors, but when Seaver made the Mets in 1967, Palmer's arm was hanging by a thread, and he was given up for lost, shuffling through the bushes. Palmer, of course, was one long arm who certainly did come back, but still: Seaver started at least 35 games and pitched at least 250 innings in each of his first seven seasons.

And if life's mysteries may be revealed through choice of underdrawers, never will we do better than Palmer and Seaver. The former: We know well enough what cloaks his shadowy loins. The lat-

continued



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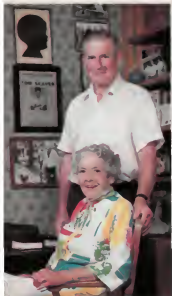
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Tom Seaver

continued



Charles and Betty at their son's wall of fame.

geon's seams, and he was even sent slumming to Class A last year with a shoulder problem. But like Seaver, Bonham is a college graduate. Why does he keep struggling? Why does he go on peering in for the sign? He smiles. "Once you get out, the moment you step away, you lose 20 years," he says. "As long as I play, I'm still young." Had Faustus been a pitcher instead of a doctor, it really wouldn't have mattered whether he was 75-83 or 252-142.

It is always assumed, even by Seaver himself, that he will move into broadcasting after baseball, but given how he has studied and delighted in the game, wouldn't he more likely stay on board? Cincinnati is an organization run by a former Ice Capades executive, and the whole enterprise has the tidy regimentation of the chorus line: Seaver, an industrious, dependable role model, fits right into this precision act. It is certainly not to the dismay of the Reds' front office that its pitching staff is now known

for having a number of Seaver "clones."

Besides, Seaver is something of a natural older-brother type, without any other outlet for this tutorial disposition. He's the baby of his family, born several years after his three older siblings came in a cluster—he wasn't an afterthought, merely a "mistake"—and he and Nancy have no boys, two daughters.

"Tom's exactly like me—he's hard-nosed," says Pete Rose. That's the ultimate compliment, coming as it does from one whose own proboscis is certified so hard it's all but petrified by now. "If it's the right thing to do, he'll put you right down on your ass. But he's a gentleman, too. Tom has always taken the time for younger players."

Tom Hume is perhaps the most obvious little-brother figure. Hume is hardly an innocent, being a 28-year-old reliever, co-winner of the 1980 National League Fireman of the Year Award, but Seaver watches over him. For example, early this season Hume relieved Seaver in a game at Houston, with the Reds leading 4-1, two men on and Cesar Cedeno up. Hume got two strikes on Cedeno and then, to Seaver's utter amazement, he grooved a pitch that Cedeno promptly blasted to kingdom come to tie the game.

Afterward, Seaver was furious at Hume—and for a lot more than the fact that Hume's lapse had cost Seaver a victory. He gathered up Hume and Bill Fischer, the pitching coach, and took them out to a bar. "Damn it, Hume, you make me mad," he bellowed. "Haven't you listened to anything I've ever told you about pitching?"

Hume, chagrined, lowered his head down into his Coke. "I got up 0 and 2, and then I didn't know what to throw."

"So you threw him nothing, right out over the plate?"

Hume nodded.

"Listen to me," Seaver went on. "I've never been a relief pitcher, but when you come into any game, as you walk to the mound, you decide three things right then—what you're going to throw on your first pitch, what you're going to throw if you get ahead, and what you're going to throw if you get behind. O.K.?"

A short time later, against the Dodgers, with Seaver watching from the dugout, Hume came in and yielded a leadoff double to Steve Garvey. Ron Cey was up. Sitting there, watching, Seaver thought to himself: "I sure wouldn't give

this sonuvabitch anything to hit. Make him go for a real bad pitch or walk him. Then they got to try and bunt on Astro-Turf, or we're set for a DP."

As the crowd boomed, Hume threw four pitches off the plate. Seaver smiled, chuckling to himself. Hume got out of the inning with a double play. Seaver could hardly wait until Hume was seated in the dugout before he ran over and confronted Hume. ("I was demanding, really rude," he says now.) He said to Hume, "Did you know what you were doing out there with Cey?"

"Well, I really didn't care if I walked him," Hume replied.

"Yeah!" Seaver screamed, and he banged his younger friend on the back.

"People ask me after a shutout, 'Was that fun?'" Seaver says. "And the answer is no. No, it was not fun. Because fun is such a minuscule word for the satisfaction of what I'm doing. Fun is needing a teammate, laughing in the clubhouse. Pitching is far beyond that. I have a sense of satisfaction after a good game, not one of joy."

"But I'll tell you what great joy is: pitching well for an extended period of time, turn after turn. Oh, that's an extremely good feeling."

"What I love about pitching is that it's such a joint exercise—physical and mental. That's why it's so challenging. And the rewards—well, anyway, the results—are simple because they're so immediate. When you're not going well, it seems like forever to the next start and a chance to redeem yourself."

"Then, when it's finally time to warm up, I just want to get loose, throw all my pitches. But I never know what I have till I actually have to face someone. Anybody who watches me warm up and says, 'Seaver has a live fastball tonight' or something—well, if they know, good for them, because I don't. The only barometer I trust is how the hitters do against me. The reason why I don't depend on my own judgment warming up is because lots of times in the past I've thought I was really firing, and then the lead-off man was able to pull my fastball, and I had to stop and think. 'Wait a minute, you must be shorter [i.e., slower] than you think you are, because you know this guy and he shouldn't be able to get around on you like that if you're really throwing as fast as you think you are.'"

"So, as quickly as I can, I want to de-

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Tom Seaver

CONTINUED

cide the best I have to work with. I start to break down the game: What's the easiest way to set up their hitters with what I have tonight? That's what gives you so much satisfaction. It's one-on-one, but not the way people imagine it, me against the hitter. No, it's me against what I'm trying to accomplish.

"And, of course, you can't let up, but that applies more to concentrating than the actual throwing of the ball. You must have the ability to block everything out. Forget that the second baseman just muffed a double-play ball or that the umpire is missing them or that your wife just charged \$700 at Bloomingdale's. After a game in which I didn't have my good stuff and had to think more, I am more exhausted mentally than I ever am physically.

"By now, there's nothing anybody can write about my pitching, one way or the other, that affects me. But I'll tell you, my ego can still be bolstered just by opening up the paper the next morn-

ing and looking at my pitching line in that box score. Especially if I know I didn't have my best stuff, if I look there and I see something like a 9 4 2 2, just a couple walks, I know damn well what I've accomplished.

"Pitching is a physical art form. I think I know that it's going to be very difficult to find something that will supply me with as much fulfillment and satisfaction for another 25 years, because baseball's been the one thing I've loved since I was a little boy, and I haven't yet come close to finding anything as rewarding as pitching. Baseball is just so beautiful when it's played right. God, but it can be a beautiful thing out there."

When Seaver leaves the park, he may not bring the game home, but he always brings the pitcher home. The private Seaver is animated by the same kind of determined efficiency that piston-drives the one on the mound. For example, when Seaver was traded in mid-1977, after a

rancorous period in New York, Nancy found a condominium in a new complex outside Cincinnati. Seaver went out to inspect the furnished model. It was attractive, if not quite him—sort of a quasi-Oriental motif. But O.K. "Give me this one, and we'll take it today," he said.

"But this is just the model," said the salesman.

"I know. It's what I want." That way, the family could move right in, no furniture to buy, less detail and upheaval for all of them. It would be easier to concentrate right away.

There are not many loose edges to Tomseaver; he stays close to the ground in all his endeavors, and in the off-season he rarely ventures far from home and hearth. "Once the season's over, I don't even like to go to the market," he says.

When Seaver was growing up his family was a close one, little Tom joining the three older kids and his parents for dinner every night—"not everybody going off in all directions," recalls the fa-

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ther, Charles, a retired executive and a Walker Cup proller, who seems to have contributed both concentration and athleticism to his youngest child. And as Seaver has become the devoted father himself, so he remains the dutiful son. Talking by phone to his parents back in Fresno, he makes sure to provide his mother—a bridge devotee, with a careful recitation of a particularly interesting hand he played the night before with some teammates, just as he would fill in someone else on a big Reds game.

The natural orderliness of Seaver's life, overlaid by the inexorable rotation of his professional being, has produced, for him and his family, a most patterned existence. Everything is in time, in its turn. The Seavers always return to the same domicile during spring training to heighten continuity. When the season starts, Nancy and the girls remain in Greenwich, Conn., until school is out, once when the schedule permitted Daddy to swing back to Connecticut for a day, he

so upset everybody's routine—school, church, club activities, tennis, etc.—that his three ladies actually implored him not to come home next time.

In the months after the 1970 season, Nancy and Tom decided to make a grand motor tour of the U.S. Although they visited everything from the Grand Canyon in the Baseball Hall of Fame, Seaver allowed afterward that his "biggest thrill" may have been watching the corn harvest in the upper Midwest. "Corn is the basic product of this country's heritage," he said, "and I couldn't help but be struck by the sight of the farmers taking from the earth what they had spent the summer growing."

Nancy says now. "He's not at all a talker at home, but I'm intuitive, which is lucky. We never even discussed having children."

However ideal this marriage may be, there is a large part of Tom that is absolutely unknown to Nancy. That is the teammate Seaver. Baseball is a

split personality, the team game played by individualists, and those who survive it long must, in some respects, be Janusian.

"Look at Rose," Seaver says. (How curious that, with Seaver, we keep coming back to Rose. The two men are so utterly different in every way except the baseball way, or perhaps, more simply, as the game's litany goes: They Know How to Win.) "No one has ever been more interested in his own accomplishments than Pete, but at the same time, show me someone who's more of a team player."

So with Seaver. It's especially revealing that though he was an instant success on the field when he first joined the Mets, he seemed to make an even greater impression with his attitude. He had never even heard of Marcellus Mars Throuberry, that paradigm of failed Met hubbunnery, and he refused to laugh at the team's reputation for inept high jinks. This was the last right turn toward

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the world championship, and Gil Hodges, New York's strong new clubhouse manager, was perhaps the first, save Seaver himself, to notice that the Metses always seemed to play a little better when young Tom took the mound.

But Seaver was hardly a clubhouse scold. On the contrary, The pitcher who is so into himself and his task, nearly insular on the mound, is transformed, around the lockers, into a regular old cut-up. It's a shame today's ballplayers don't ride trains and loll about hotel lobbies, so that Seaver could tie underwear in knots, short-sheet beds and light hotfoots. As it is, he's full of pranks and deprecating banter—the needle—and is excellent—who would ever guess this?—at dialects. He does a terrific New York accent and a full run of the usual ethnic put-downs. Shooting a TV commercial a few weeks ago, Seaver suddenly clicked his heels on camera and barked to the German director, "You vill fix ze light, Verner, and you vill do ziss right away. Do you hear me?" It was very good stuff.

There is also, around Seaver, more of the usual give-and-take about clothes, because he doesn't incline to the prevailing ballplayer style, Pullover Chic, which is founded on two-tone synthetics and too many chains. Instead, Seaver tends to dress as if he's masquerading for the 15th reunion at Yale. Here we have him, carrying *The New York Times*, deporting the park in pale yellow sports jacket, preppy golf shirt, checkered pants, tasseled loafers. This unusual sartorial conceit, generally viewed as droll in ball-park precincts, encourages almost everyone to let Seaver have it. "Oooh, Seaver's going out to dinner tonight," the elevator man coos.

"Yeah, where'd you get that tie, for Christmas?" Seaver counters, while emitting his famous laughing screech. As Lindsey Nelson, the former Mets broadcaster, has it, "When Seaver laughs, he makes dogs whine."

When not acting the ringleader in clubhouse badinage, Seaver joins the Reds' bridge circle. Away from the park, he goes fishing with the country boys on the club, and last year when his Labrador bitch had a litter, he presented puppies to three of his Reds outdoor pals. It is, perhaps, most instructive of all that Seaver also chews tobacco—the ultimate expression of baseball's classless camaraderie. In fact, Seaver has a chew in his

cheek most of the time he's around the park—except when he's pitching. Work isn't to be confused with fellowship. Often when Seaver heads out to pitch, or even just to practice, he says, "I have to go to my job now."

He can switch aspects in a flash. In the warmth of the clubhouse, where an outsider can all but feel the male bonding taking place, as if there were actual strips of tape being extended from player to player, Seaver is loud and properly scatological. John McNamara, the Reds' manager, laughs, remembering the time a couple of small-town radio reporters were around asking stupid questions. Seaver, taking a cue, followed the poor electronic devils about and, feigning talk with friends, spewed out the worst vulgarities at the top of his voice whenever the reporters opened their microphones to try to interview somebody.

Now, this day in '81, a familiar laundryman walks into the clubhouse. From his locker, Seaver glances up and hollers, "Hey, Dago, where'd you put them bleeping things at?"

Wait a minute. *Put them bleeping things at?* This, from George Thomas Seaver, USC graduate, executive's son, Greenwich, Conn., clubman? Then he turns back to complete a formal interview question, even effortlessly making sure to insert a heck for a hell.

It is this smooth adaptability that has led some critics to blast Seaver for being too facile, a phony. Even Nancy is baffled. "This clubhouse prankster—I'm shocked by the things I hear about that person," she says, not quite laughing. "It's a side of Tom I just don't know at all, and that offends me because, of course, I'm supposed to know him best."

Yet to watch Seaver in everyday action is not to witness anything forced. If you're lucky enough to be 36 and still playing a game, then damn it, there's a time to play. The various parts of Seaver's life may be more compartmentalized than most people's, but there's nothing hypocritical about where he draws the lines. "I think I have a very good understanding of what particular people enjoy," he says. "For example, I'm a good needle, but I almost never make a mistake and get on a guy who doesn't want it to happen. I simply look for different sorts of friendships with different individuals. Everybody has something special to offer,

and that's what I try to bring out."

The circumstances of his upbringing surely have something to do with this. His father was a vice-president of the largest independent tinsnack company in America, and Seaver spent much of the healing San Joaquin Valley summers hanging around the country club pool, but he never had his own car, and winters he had to sleep in an unheated portion of the house, making sure to keep his dog on the bed to help him stay warm. So, Seaver grew up utterly secure in his well-being, but not so wealthy that he didn't have to learn to adjust to the folks around him.

Generally speaking, the Americans who can adapt the best are not those John Q. Publics from right smack in the middle, who are trapped dead in the water, hostage to their own proud commonness, but those from either the upper-middle or the lower-middle classes, who can see the top or the bottom growing up, but who aren't constrained by having scraped either extreme.

Athletically, Seaver's life was tempered too, because after a spectacular start as a Little League hero, *continued*



Seaver as a 12-year-old Fresno Little Leaguer

he stopped growing and was merely one of the boys for the balance of his adolescence. Unlike most big stars who never needed the team, Seaver did. "You see?" As a senior in high school, he was only something like 5'9", 145, with a 6-5 record that failed to interest any college team, much less any professional organization. "I went to the other high school in Fresno," Nancy says. "I think I saw him once on the basketball team, but he was so short I almost missed him. Honestly." (Need we point out that everybody dismissed the diminutive teen-age Rose, too, except for the Reds, who gave him a shot as a lever to a hometown kid?)

Like his older brother Charles, who swam for the University of California, Seaver worked as a laborer in the raisin-packing plant for half a year after graduating from high school and putting in six months with the Marines. This is unadorned ugly ducklingdom. He emerged from all this ten inches taller, 45 pounds heavier and able to chew tobacco. Soon thereafter he became a winner at Fresno City College, also raising his academic average, snowed the beautiful Nancy and got a scholarship to Southern Cal, where he would be the star pitcher on one of the premier college teams in all the land. It happened that fast, and at the start of his second spring at USC, he junked college, went pro and had Nancy follow him across the country to Jacksonville to marry him. He was cocksure.

She was terrified and cried much of the time in Jacksonville, and even when they got to the bigs the next year, to a \$125-a-month furnished apartment in Flushing, she remained lonely. Jealous, too, envious of her husband's new glory, his opportunities, his traveling and, of course, fearful "of all the horrible stories you always hear of women on the road."

By contrast, he was magic. "I went through an extended period while growing up of not even being able to think about becoming a major league player," Seaver says. "Suddenly I was a prospect Overnight. And I wasn't about to flub my opportunity. I've always had a good sense of reality, a good perspective. I didn't want to stagnate in college. And so I seized the moment. I signed. And I



Tom was all out as a pitcher as a high school senior.

guess I was right. 18 months later I was pitching in the All-Star Game. No—16. Sixteen months later I was pitching in the All-Star Game."

It's so easy for so many star athletes to, in Seaver's term, stagnate. They are forever prospects. They are ready-made prospects when they are 12, and nothing ever doubts them or makes them doubt; certainly, the pretty girls don't overlook them. Seaver probably keeps on changing because he was forced to keep changing them. Growing up, it was his goal to be a dentist, to learn to play the piano. Hey, Tomseaver, where'd you put them sleeping things at?

The Seaver condominium outside Cin-ty, the one with the in-place Oriental decor and the geraniums outside that he faithfully waters while the family is back in Connecticut, is almost exactly as far, by Interstate, from Riverfront Stadium as the Seaver dream house in Connecticut

is from Shea Stadium. The condos lies by a fairway, in a golfing development in which Jack Nicklaus has an interest. It's hard by the College Football Hall of Fame and a huge amusement park, so that an ersatz Eiffel Tower looms on the horizon, but the Seavers' immediate surroundings are all green, in an area known as The Greenery off Clubhouse Drive, on a street named for a tree, alongside other tree-named streets.

"Heck, yes," Seaver says. "Playing in Cincinnati has been a delight plus for all of us. It's a different part of the country, and you get a different flavor of people."

It remains more of an arranged marriage than a love match, though, and the Queen Citizens keep a discreet distance. Except maybe for the one week Johnny (Double No Hit) Vander Meer chucked all goose eggs, Cincinnati has always been a hitters' town, anyway. And perhaps no one there is confident enough to think that Cincinnati should try to appropriate something that belonged so much to New York. San Francisco was the same way with Willie Mays when he was posted there. In restaurants, the people don't approach Seaver, the uniformed guard at the stadium drive-in checkpoint often doesn't recognize him, and Seaver realizes that in one way he is always a let-down: "The press and everybody else here would prefer me to be more child-like with my emotions."

But they will never get that. That's gone. Oh, maybe not really gone. The vision of the Mets' experience endures for the Seavers, like the recollection of a first love that hangs on, making everything in the present suffer by comparison with the sainted (and flawed) golden memories. "I had such a horribly empty feeling when Tom got his 3,000th strikeout earlier this season," Nancy says. "The accomplishment was there, but not the thrill this time."

But if his relationship with Cincinnati is very correct, Seaver does enjoy the reduction of attention that comes with playing outside New York. And after all, he still makes roughly half a million a year and his contract with NBC lasts through this year. Besides, the sort of celebrity that money buys has never been

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EA

that important to Seaver. It runs in the family. One sister spent two years with her husband, who was working in the Peace Corps in Nigeria, his older brother—identified affectionately within the family as “the one who lives on a mountaintop”—makes furniture.

The Mets clearly miscalculated when they made such a big to-do over Seaver's request for contract renegotiation in '77. “The issue of money was so insignificant,” Nancy says. “If they knew Tom, wouldn't they have understood that? We had our dream house, the kids were in good schools, we belonged to a club. If the refrigerator broke, there was no worry. I could buy a new one tomorrow. When you're happy, how much more money do you need than that?”

She smiles, but not the broad one that used to go with the turn-of-a-shinier. Then Nancy was the gee-whiz wife of Tom—“Where I grew up, whitewash was the talk of my neighborhood”—but now she is the stylish hall. “With him, it was a matter of loyalty,” she goes on. “And his loyalty was thrown into his face. Tom was hurt badly. I don't think, even now, he'd like to admit how much. He wanted to live and die at the Mets' stadium. And they jilted him.”

Still, even with all that, Seaver didn't break down and demand to be traded until he read a New York Daily News column, seeded, he believes, by the Mets' management, which he thought dragged Nancy into the fray. When he heard about that, Seaver literally ran to a phone, screaming into it to a Mets official, “That's it! Get me outta here! Get me outta here!”

There was a certain symbolism, too, that it was a family matter that propelled Seaver out of New York. It's a town for singles and couples, and the Seavers were a whole family now, no longer just the package deal in which Nancy was systematically included in everything. “He desperately wanted me to be acquainted with the game,” Nancy says. “He never wanted to have to make a choice.”

You or baseball?

She nods. “So we took advantage of everything and had five wonderful, uncluttered years together.” And then

Nancy understood it was time for something else, and the children came in their turn.

Now she is at home. It's a converted barn, tasteful and full of light, tucked away on seven acres in the most wooded section of Greenwich. This is the suburbs, too, but it's not suburban, not an Eiffel Tower as far as the eye can see. And she's still a ballplayer's wife, but she's not Tom Seaver's lovely wife Nancy any-

more between the pitcher and the pitcherman.

During the strike, Seaver has been neither the pitcher nor the pitcherman. “It's been better than just having him here for the home games,” Nancy says, “because there are no injuries, no losing streaks—no winning streaks, for that matter. It's been so much more relaxed, and that's probably especially true for Tom, because he has been in many of the negotiating meetings and has known exactly where things stood.”

“Of course, it hasn't been all enjoyable. The strike has been different from a real vacation, because everything is so up in the air. You can't commit to anything. I don't have a thing in the refrigerator that's king-size. And there's an ugliness to it, too, because it really doesn't matter who's right or wrong, everybody looks bad, and if any player doesn't realize that, then all he has to do is come home from the meetings and his wife will tell him.”

In facing some 15,000 major league batters, Seaver has every once in a while, like Hume against Codomo, lobbed a nothing pitch far over the plate.

Two of those occasions occurred against home-run kings Dick Allen and Willie Stargell. Incredibly, both of them struck out looking. They were expecting something going 98 mph, slicing down on the corner at the knees, so they were too discombobulated to deal with the obvious.

There was a time not long ago when Anne, the 5-year-old, came to her father at home. She had become aware of how all these people tried hard to get his autograph, and now she thrust a piece of paper and pen at him and demanded his signature, just like everybody else. Smiling, Seaver wrote out “Daddy” and returned the paper to her, but as soon as she examined the autograph, she handed it back to him. “No,” she said, “that's Daddy.”

“But that's who I am. What do you want?”

“I want ‘Tom Seaver.’ I want ‘Tom Seaver,’” little Anne cried out.

And this time, that's exactly what she got. Still, not many people do—not, anyway, clear, right out over the plate. **END**

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more, and Gil Hodges is dead, Marvelous Marv is frozen forever in a light-beer commercial, and her husband pitches for a team in Ohio. “My wife has changed a lot since back then,” he says. “She has children. She has developed a home. She has her own interests. You see, I was her interest then. I was her hobby. But now she's happier. Nancy has the greatest life in the world.”

Nancy says, “The only thing lacking in my life is that I'd like a lot more of him. But he's worked very hard at his family, and now we're separate from baseball. I've been turned into his private life. Over the years he has become more guarded about himself, too. He's so very thoughtful, but basically not all that much fun at home. But then, you should see Tom at a party. Oh, he's so funny. The stories! He can make everybody laugh all night.”

It's a matter, ultimately, of deciding what's the best you have to work with this particular time and going with that. Of course, it's also understanding that there is a world of difference



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Read **TIME** and understand.

TIME

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MCENROE

Sir,
Congratulations to Curry Kirkpatrick on an exceptionally objective article on new Wimbledon king John McEnroe and the 1981 tournament (*His Earth, His Realm, His England*, July 13). The public should be made aware not only of McEnroe's behavior, which has received enough press, but also of the other side of the picture, the often strict, sometimes unnecessary and overbearing rules and regulations imposed on the competitors by the All England Club. This code of conduct is the reason why some people regard Wimbledon as a long-faced institution composed of officials more involved in tradition than in the enjoyment of the sport itself.

Of course, McEnroe's actions were clearly out of place, but for all his name-calling and tantrums, no one will quickly forget the pressure, insults and anguish he endured to play an impeccable final match and win the Wimbledon title and the admiration of the world.

CHRISTOPHER R. FRANK
Moss Vernon, N.J.

Sir,

Being a college tennis player, I know how one had call can turn a match around. John McEnroe competes against the best players in the world, and many times one point can be the difference between winning and losing. It's a wonder he was even able to play in England with all the pressure put on him by the British press and people. They think he's ready; they think he's a hero. I think he's the best tennis player in the world.

MICHAEL J. GONZALES
Providence

Sir,

McEnroe's manners may not be perfect, but his game is. And that's all that counts.

CAROL MCMILLAN
Salem, Ore.

Sir,

I watched a good bit of Wimbledon tennis on television and enjoyed the high level of play very much. However, I was sorry to see the way John McEnroe handled himself at times, especially during the postmatch interview. He said, in so many words, "The bottom line is I won the tournament."

Maybe my negative reaction to that sort of thinking is out of tune, what with the tremendous amount of exposure and money involved in sports at the professional level. We all give lip service to sportsmanship, but more and more the bottom line seems to be "I won!" It's disheartening to see this philosophy become so much a part of athletics, even in high school and in youth leagues. Is McEnroe merely

expressing the prevailing outlook on sport?

I don't mean to sit in judgment of McEnroe, having never been under the kind of pressure he was subjected to by fans, press, opponents and prize money. I only hope that my sons will not emulate his reaction to pressure, no matter what the magnitude.

JOHN A. BARR
Napoleon, Ohio

Sir,

So John McEnroe is the 1981 Wimbledon men's singles champion. Unfortunately, until and unless he can learn to clean up his act and grow up, he will remain what he is: a very good tennis player who takes away more from the game with his boorish behavior than he gives to it with his great play. Right now McEnroe is the ultimate Ugly American.

SILVIA REINLEDER
Atlanta

Sir,

After reading your July 6 SCORECARD item on tennis misbehavior, it occurs to me that Wimbledon is the one tournament with the horsepower to take on the prima donnas. It has survived the exodus of professionals in the 1950s, it has endured most of the rigors of open tennis (so far); it was able to carry on through the men's boycott in 1973, it outlasted the Nazis, and it will surely still be a respected and cherished institution long after John McEnroe is gone.

It's clear to me that Wimbledon can and must assert itself even more forcefully in dealing with competitors who won't play by the rules. And so should SI do its part—even stronger terms?

ROBERT E. TURKENTINE
Houston

Sir,

A great deal was written by the press about the 1981 Wimbledon tournament, and most of it was not about tennis, mainly because the most newsworthy part of the scene was the disgraceful behavior of John McEnroe. And what little was written about the tennis I thought, missed the point. Naturally, if the press is able to get McEnroe to change his ways, it would be of great benefit to tennis, at least in the U.S. However, it is equally important for the media to explain why McEnroe beat Bjorn Borg, why Jimmy Connors won the first two sets against Borg and then lost the last three and why McEnroe is more successful against Borg than other players are. No one, including print reporters and commentators on television, answered these questions. Let me try.

Borg has two weaknesses—one glaring—and McEnroe's game tends to take advantage

of both of them. The glaring weakness is that he stands eight to 12 feet behind the baseline to receive service. This allows an opponent to serve wide to Borg's forehand in the right court and wide to his backhand in the left court, creating an expanse of open court on the side opposite the one to which the opponent has served. McEnroe serves well to these points and moves smoothly to the net. He volleys the return to the open side and Borg, even with his great speed, can rarely reach this placement. McEnroe used this ploy to extricate himself from several games in which he was behind 15-40 on his serve. Connors, I would think, could do the same thing, but he never seems to try it.

Second, Borg has the weakness of all players with topspin drives: The lower the ball, the harder it is for him to hit, basically because when one uses topspin, the head of one's racket must be below the ball before the hit. If the ball is a foot above the ground, it is next to impossible for a topspin player to return, if it is two feet above the ground, it is still not easy to make anything but a defensive shot. McEnroe has an undercut backhand which, when it lands, skids and stays low. In his match with Borg, he moved in on Borg's second service and undercut it, which many people call a chip shot. By the time Borg dug this returns out of the ground, McEnroe was on top of the net ready for the kill.

In respect to the Connors-Borg match, Connors played truly superior tennis for two sets, and he concentrated on hitting as many shots as possible low to Borg's backhand. Starting with the third set, he let up on Borg's backhand and began playing more shots to Borg's forehand, which allowed Borg to come to the net more—Borg's plan, I'm sure—and certainly reduced his backhand errors.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN III
Savannah

● Reader Tilden, a nephew and namesake of three-time (1920, 1921, 1930) Wimbledon champion Bill Tilden, was the co-captain of the 1936 Princeton tennis team and in 1938 himself competed at Wimbledon, losing in the final qualifying round—ED

LATIN RECRUITS

Sir,

As if major league baseball didn't have a big enough black eye from the strike, it now has another one, thanks to Bill Brubaker's article *Hey, Axl, Wanna Be a Star?* (July 13).

How would Yankee Scout Fred Ferrera Ornel General Manager Hank Peters, Commissioner's Office Administrator Hal Murray et al. feel if their teen-age sons had been ex-

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19TH HOLE continued

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RICHARD A. GIMBLEY
Ridgewood, N.J.

Set

The standard line of the big league scouts appears to be "I'm giving this kid a better chance than he would have at home." With many of these unsuspecting youngsters having less than a high school education—not to mention an inability to speak English on a conversational level—this doesn't seem to me to be getting much of a chance. We tell our young athletes to get a good education, and then we turn right around and take Latin youngsters out of school, haul them to a strange place and expect them to perform.

Strict restrictions, similar to those enacted regarding young Puerto Rican players, should be placed on the recruitment of young men from all over Latin America, with severe penalties for violators. But above all, managers, coaches, players, parents and the media should begin to tell the youth of Latin America, as well as those of our country, that the dream of pro sports often ends up as a tragic nightmare—and that a good education, while not a sure ticket to success, is still the best route out of poverty.

ERIC R. FLEMING
Orlando, Fla.

UNIFORM NUMBERS

Set

In his article *The Perfect Garden* (July 8), Timmy Neil Tucker makes one big mistake. In describing Cary's excellent memory, he refers to "bating averages, innings pitched, scores, uniform numbers, remembered in a strange singing voice." Uniform numbers were not, as I recall, around in 1922.

JILL NORD
Gainesville, Fla.

• While it's true that uniform numbers were not used, shall we say, uniformly until 1929, when the Yankees adopted them—with most of the American League following suit the next year—in 1916 the White Sox and Indians experimented with numbers on their uniform sleeves. The fictional character Cary traveled the Midwest, so it seems reasonable to assume that he was aware of those teams and their numbers. Another team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, reportedly wore numbers as early as 1883.—LD

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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